

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS' NEW BOOKS

THE LIFE OF DANTON

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.

With portrait and notes. 8vo, \$2.50.

This work has the distinction of being the first biography of Danton in English that is founded on original documents. It is not only exhaustively thorough both in research and criticism, but gives a brilliant and graphic picture of France in the most dramatic phases of the Revolution.

By the author of "How to Know the Wild Flowers."

HOW TO KNOW THE FERNS

By FRANCES THEODORA PARSONS

A Guide to the Names, Haunts and Habits of Our Common Ferns. With 144 illustrations. Crown 8vo, \$1.50 net.

This volume does for the lover of the ferns what the author's "How to Know the Wild Flowers" did for the lover of flowers. Its style is untechnical, its description accurate, its illustrations attractive; and for the rambler through woods and fields it is an ideal companion. For its pages glow with an ardent love of out-door-life.

CONTENTS:—Ferns as a Hobby—When and Where to Find Ferns—Explanation of Terms—Fertilization, Development and Fructification of Ferns—Description of Genera—How to Use the Book—Guide—Fern Descriptions—Index.

Three Stories of Adventure.

ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN FRONTIER

By WILLIAM H. BROWN

8vo, \$3.00.

An absorbingly interesting account of life in Mashonaland and Metabeland during the critical years of that colony. The account is historically valuable, as well as a vivid description of frontier life.

A TEXAS RANGER

By N. A. JENNINGS

12mo, \$1.25.

The author, who enlisted in a company of Texas Rangers, the prototypes of the Rough Riders, has given us not a page in his thrilling account that is without its incident—tragic, pathetic, or amusing.

IN THE KLONDYKE

By FREDERICK PALMER

With many illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

This book gives the practical observations of a man of affairs who lived in Dawson one winter. The story of his adventurous trip is capitally told.

THE HISTORY OF YIDDISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By LEO WIENER

Instructor in the Slavic Languages at Harvard.

8vo, \$2.00 net.

An essay in an entirely new field, Yiddish is the language of six millions of Jews in Russia and America, and this study of its very genuine literature will prove indispensable to the student of Jewish thought. Its history also suggests interesting analogies with modern Russian letters and throws a flood of light upon the mood of the American Ghetto.

IN CUBA WITH SHAFTER

By his Chief-of-Staff, Lt.-Col. J. D. MILEY

With 12 portraits and 4 maps. 12mo, \$1.50.

The book is based on official documents and on the observations of one particularly well qualified by his position to write about the campaign from the headquarters point of view.

"It may be accepted as an official record of the military operations, and as an authoritative presentation of the Shafter side of the controversy."—*New York Herald.*

THE PORTO RICO OF TO-DAY

Pen Pictures of the People and the Country

By ALBERT GARDNER ROBINSON

With 3 maps and 24 illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

"It has received high praise from those who know the island well, as being an intelligent and faithful study of present conditions in Porto Rico."—*The Nation.*

Notable Works of Fiction.

A New Book by GEORGE W. CABLE

STRONG HEARTS

12mo, \$1.25.

In these stories Mr. Cable returns to the field which gave him his earliest fame and his readers a peculiar pleasure—New Orleans and its mingled races. "The Entomologist" has all the charm of "Old Creole Days" with added power, and shows Mr. Cable's strength in an altogether new direction.

RED ROCK

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Illustrated by B. WEST CLINEDINST.

35th Thousand. 12mo, \$1.50.

"One cannot read this novel without being deeply impressed by its sterling literary beauties and its human interest. It is tender, mellow, and sweet, exalting the flavor of all that is best and most admirable in American life."—*London Daily Mail.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 153-157 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series, }
Volume III. }

No. 2856—April 1, 1899.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXI. }

CONTENTS

I. What is Caricature? <i>By Robert de la Sizeranne</i>	REVUE DES DEUX MONDES	1
Translated for The Living Age.		
II. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. <i>By S. G. Tallentyre.</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	11
III. The Grand Match. <i>By Moira O'Neill.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	20
IV. A Hundred Years Ago. <i>By M. Bramston.</i>	SUNDAY MAGAZINE	21
V. Some Women Poets. (To be concluded.)	QUARTERLY REVIEW	26
VI. Chorus of the Dead. <i>By Conrad Ferdinand Meyer.</i>		34
VII. A Day With the Dervishes. <i>By George Grahame.</i>	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	35
VIII. Little Holland House.	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	42
IX. The Recovery of France.	SPEAKER	53
X. The Country Life. <i>By Katherine Tynan.</i>	SPECTATOR	55
XI. A Wonder of the Bird World.	SATURDAY REVIEW	56
XII. The Encore.	ACADEMY	59
XIII. A Song of Spring. <i>By B. L. Baughan.</i>		60

SUPPLEMENT.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS:

"Unto the Least of These."	GEORGE W. CABLE	61
Trials of a Man of Letters.	FRANCESCO PETRARCH	64
Kinsmen.	MAURUS JOKAI	66

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE:

A Song of Three Seasons.	EUGENE R. WHITE	69
The Tartar.	THOMAS FLEMING DAY	70

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		71
BOOKS OF THE MONTH.		74

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

APPLETONS' POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

EDITED BY WILLIAM JAY YOUMANS.

THE scientific method of study and investigation is every year being more and more widely applied, drawing within its range, besides the endless succession of phenomena in physical Nature, many practical questions relating to agricultural and industrial development, civil administration, criminal reform, educational methods, public and private hygiene, and the ethics of social life. The results of such study are changing for the better man's operations in every field of activity, and in proportion as they are made known may they be expected to still further contribute to the material welfare and intellectual advancement of society. The contents of The Popular Science Monthly will include an increasing variety of readable popular articles on these and allied subjects from writers of the foremost rank in their respective departments of science.

EDUCATION. Special attention will, as heretofore, be given to the role of science in Education. A few of the topics coming under this head will be: The training of science teachers; the place of science in education; practical aspects of mental fatigue; teaching science in the common schools, etc.

NATURAL HISTORY. As subjects of scientific study that are of never-failing interest, well calculated to develop the observing powers and the judgment, and easily accessible independently of the schools, liberal space will be given to articles on natural history, including curious forms of plant and animal life, and those varied aspects of Nature that present themselves in the geological and physiographic features of the landscape.

Many of the articles are liberally illustrated, and each number contains a finely engraved portrait of some eminent man of science, with a biographical sketch.

50 cents a number. \$5.00 per annum.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LITTLE, BROWN, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

The Miracles of Antichrist

By **SELMA LAGERLÖF**, author of "THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING." Translated from the Swedish by **PAULINE BANCROFT FLACH**. 12mo, cloth, extra, \$1.50.

In an article entitled the "Scandinavian Current Belles-Lettres" appearing in *Cosmopolis* for September, 1898, Mr. E Nesbit Bain wrote of this work as follows:

Fröken Selma Lagerlöf has chosen the Etna Region of Sicily as the theatre of her story, and the result is a masterpiece of the highest order, a *chef-d'oeuvre* which places the young author in the front rank of the literary artists of her day. This is high praise, no doubt, but the merits of "Antekrists Mirakler," are so superlative that a lesser eulogy would be inadequate. . . . All who hunger and thirst after true poetry may here eat, drink and be satisfied. That it should have been written by a Northerner, instead of a Southerner, is not the least amazing part of it. It is absolutely Sicilian in tone and expression, the quaint superstitions, the picturesque poverty, the childish naïveté, the fierce vindictiveness, the impulsive devotion of these children of the South being described, or rather revealed, with a dramatic intensity, combined with an artistic restraint, of which only intimate knowledge interpreted by the insight of genius is capable. And then the marvellous word-painting, the exuberant wealth of imagery and illustration, the ingenuity and originality of a style which has the piquant novelty of the unforeseen awaiting us at every turn. . . . There is a little philosophy in it also, and of the best sort, for nowhere else have I met with such a humane and eloquent attempt to reconcile the claims of Socialism with the prerogatives of Christianity.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Story of Gösta Berling

Translated from the Swedish of **SELMA LAGERLÖF** by **PAULINE BANCROFT FLACH**, 12mo, cloth, extra, \$1.75.

Of such marked power that unless Miss Lagerlöf is unable to sustain the force indicated by this example of her work, she will become one of the great novelists of the continent.—*Public Opinion*.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

PASTOR NAUDIÉ'S YOUNG WIFE.

By **EDOUARD ROD**. Translated from the French by **Bradley Gilman**. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

M. Rod's new novel is a study of French Protestantism, and its scene is laid in La Rochelle and Montauban, the two Huguenot strongholds. It was first published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and at once achieved success. "M. Rod's word," says Edmund Gosse in the "Contemporary Review," "whether in criticism or in fiction, always demands attention."

THE WORKS OF EDWARD EVERETT

HALE. *New Library Edition*. Vol. II., In His Name and Christmas Stories. 12mo, cloth, extra, \$1.50.

A BOY IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

The Services, Adventures, and Experiences of **Robert Blakeney**, a Subaltern in the 28th Regiment. An Autobiography. Edited by **JULIAN STURGIS**. With a map. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$4.00.

A spirited narrative of the campaigns in Spain against Napoleon's generals.

FROM DREAMLAND SENT.

Verses of the Life to Come. By **LILIAN WHITING**, author of "The World Beautiful." New Edition, with additional poems. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00. White and gold, \$1.25.

THE DUKE'S SERVANTS. A Romance.

By **SIDNEY HERBERT BURCHELL**, author of "In the Days of King James." 12mo, cloth, extra, \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, Publishers, 254 Washington St., Boston.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB'S TOURS.

All Traveling Expenses Included.

COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, ALASKA AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK, THE WONDERLAND OF AMERICA.

Parties will leave **Boston** in **Special Vestibuled Cars** with **Dining Cars**, for Magnificent Sight-Seeing Tours, as follows:—

No. 1, April 18. A 65 Days' Trip through Colorado, Utah, California, the Pacific Northwest, Montana, and the Yellowstone National Park.

No. 2, April 18. A 79 Days' Trip the same as No. 1, with an added tour through Alaska.

No. 3, April 18. A 53 Days' Trip through New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado.

The Yosemite Valley may be visited in connection with either of these excursions.

No. 4, May 22. A 38 Days' Trip across the Continent and to Alaska, outward by the Great Northern Railway, and homeward through the Yellowstone National Park, with a choice of routes east of Minneapolis, either the all-rail line, or through the **GREAT LAKES**.

European Tours April 15, June 7, and July 11.

 Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,
296 WASHINGTON STREET, Opposite SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
Volume III.

NO. 2856. APRIL 1, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXI.

WHAT IS CARICATURE?*

I.

It is said that one day in the seventeenth century a king of Spain looked out of his palace-window and saw a man laughing. Feeling that there was nothing in the sorry state of public affairs to justify the merriment of a sensible being, he remarked that the man must be either mad or reading "Don Quixote." In our day the alternative would be—"or looking at the sketches of MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache." For the popular idea of Caricature, as of "Don Quixote," is, that it is something amusing; and were it so, the works of our two most eminent illustrators would indeed be the solitary source of gaiety afforded by the national outlook. Their manikins would console us for men, and their "legends" for history. The primary notion of a caricaturist is that of a jester.

The next is that of a philosopher. The names of the two friends who stand in a corner of *The Romans of the Decadence*, looking sadly and severely on, have at last been discovered. They are Forain and Caran d'Ache. The joyous atrium which Couture once peopled with the smart set of Rome, both male and female, has given place to an up-to-date drawing-room where the

two caricaturists lurk behind a door and look on critically at the end of a world. It must be admitted that the modern orgy is more discreet than the ancient. There is not the same superb insolence of gesture, and we do not see young people *shinning up* the statues of their ancestors, and derisively offering them the foaming wine which is spilling from their own cups. Our own ancestors might have been capable of transports of this sort, but their descendants are not so. The latter seldom offer anything to the statues except cups of milk or glasses of mineral water, and such-like aids to the languid digestion of an effete generation; and the effigies of the victors of Austerlitz could hardly find gestures violent enough to express their disdain of these pallid beverages. But save in a few unimportant details, Couture's picture offers a fair enough symbol of our society, and our two famous draughtsmen may very well stand for the two detached philosophers of that famous canvas.

Are they really philosophers? Are they merely jesters? Are they not, above everything, artists? A great many people feel about our society exactly what MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache feel, but they alone are able to express it. So great is their power of synthesis that contemporary events

* Translated for The Living Age.

will remain stamped in our memories with their seal and mottoes.

The whole secret of the Greco-Turkish war lies in that remark attributed to a reporter who is dining with some of the Kaliph's officers. "After all, beer comes from Germany." The whole moral of it is in a *bon-mot*, evoked by a scene of devastation—strewn with dead and haunted by orphans: "It will all end in two loans!" There is more told in the following picture, than in the most elaborate report on colonial affairs. Two little soldiers arrive, as victors, at Tananarive. The official report will describe them as having opened a new channel for French commerce and colonial expansion. Meanwhile they want shoes, for their feet have been terribly cut up by a long march, so they step into a shop hard-by—open their poor little purses, which are almost empty, and ask the price of the goods. "Two shillings, sixpence!" is the prohibitive sum carelessly named by the smart gentleman behind the counter, who has a single eye-glass and a button-hole bouquet, and a sublime indifference to France. A certain Affair, which shall be nameless, is completely summed up by Caran d'Ache in a famous two-page illustration. On one side, the master of the house remarks, as he assigns his guests their seats at table—"Let us not speak of it." On the other, which bears the simple inscription, "*They have spoken*," the wreck of china, and the transformation of knives and forks into deadly weapons testify to the attachment of the company, on the one hand to the *Protection of the Defence*, and on the other, to the binding authority of a *Judgment once Rendered*. Never, since the great days of Daumier and Gavarni have there been microcosms reflecting so perfectly the manners and notions of life. The moment, therefore, seems a fitting one for studying, in connection

with the work of our two great comic artists, the whole subject of caricature. Has the art existed long, and was it always what it is to-day? If it be a case of evolution, whither is that evolution tending? What is, at the present moment, the true function of caricature? Is it, as one inclines at first to think, a mere jest, or is it a dose of philosophy, or is it a political weapon? Or rather, is it not, after all, just one phase of our minor art: a little separate synthetic art, reproducing certain aspects of nature more cleverly than other arts, but with no very fixed intent, either comical or philosophical? These are the points which we propose to examine.

II.

Whatever may have changed in this art, which is as old as the world and as international as the sea, the methods of caricature have not changed. Grandville was thought original, when he depicted the great ones of earth robbing hen-roosts and rabbit-warrens: but the caricaturists of the Revolution, Duhaulchoy, and the author of the famous cut labelled: "How would you like to be eaten?" had done the same before him; and long before Duhaulchoy, in 1685, the English had represented Father Peter confessing Mary of Modena, under the form of a wolf in the sheepfold. Earlier yet, in 1593, which was the era of the satire of *Ménipée*, the Duc de Mayenne was ridiculed under the guise of an ape in a publication entitled "*La Singerie des Etats de la Ligue*;" and far back in the dim ages, terra-cotta figures of apes, wearing the bishop's hood and cape, had been fabricated in Roman Gaul. Latin gems of the best period represent grasshoppers acting as porters, carrying the *assilla* and the *corbes*. The Greeks portrayed animals of all sorts in the guise of men, and

the Egyptians drew Rameses II. at the head of his army, as a rat leading an army of rodents to the assault of a stronghold.

Some of these caricatures, produced at remote intervals, appear to have been inspired by one another. The twelfth-century artist who depicted on the beam of a house in Metz the fox marching upon his hind legs, with a pack on his back and a traveller's staff in his hand, would seem to have simply copied another fox with precisely the same sort of staff and bundle, which has been found in a papyrus of the time of the Ptolemies,—two hundred and fifty years before Christ.

Ever since the invention of printing, the same design has been used over and over again. When M. Léandre draws President McKinley as an ogre encased in iron turrets and watching, derisively, through his lorgnette, the futile blows struck by a tiny Spanish soldier, he is imitating Gillray and his giant George III. looking through an eye-glass at a Lilliputian Bonaparte whom he has caught between his finger and thumb. When M. Caran d'Ache figures our chief magistrate as a Gallic cock promenading the Gallery of Busts beside the Czar, he only does what the *Kladderadatsch* did for Napoleon III. in 1860; or De Hoogh, who, as early as 1706, represented Louis XIV. as a cock whose wings were being clipped by Queen Anne. So then, if we consider only the most general formulas, those for which the recipes are well known, there would seem to have been no evolution whatever in the history of this curious art. And yet there has been a perceptible and even striking evolution, if not in the general ruck at least among the masters of caricature.

There have been three great epochs in the history of caricature, and the fourth, upon which it is now entering, is but a return to the first. It began

by being symbolistic. It was afterward, and for a long time, simply grotesque. In our time, it has become characteristic, and its tendency now is to become symbolistic once more, almost exactly as it was in the beginning. There have also been three epochs in the style of drawing employed:—the linear period, the plastic period, and the period of chiaroscuro. Quite lately it has begun to be as at first, simply linear.

Among the Egyptians caricature was always symbolic. Whenever we visit an Egyptian Museum we see a woman with a cat's head who is Isis; a man with a hawk's head who is Horus; another with an ass' head who is Set; a woman with the head of a lioness who is Sekhet the Guardian; a pot-bellied *poussah*, who is the god Bés, either seated solemnly with his hands pressed upon his knees and grasping the key of immortality, or standing with a rod in his hand. These are great personages, but they all have animals' heads on their shoulders. They are, in fact, gigantic caricatures, immortal and revered. Does any one object to so describing them, on the ground that their authors had no thought of ridiculing these royal and divine personages, but merely of showing them with their attributes? On the same ground we should have to deny the title of caricature to the designs of M. Caran d'Ache. It was not by way of ridiculing the Czar Nicholas II. that he was depicted as promenading with our President in the form of a two-headed eagle. It is not derisively that France is figured under the form of a cock, or Menelek under that of a lion, or Russia under that of a bear; or that the "Punch" of Melbourne depicts President Krüger as a fighting kangaroo.

The representation of the sovereign of any country as an animal may be, in the mind of the artist, merely sym-

bolle, but the point I wish to make is, that such representation is, none the less, a caricature in form; that is to say it is symbolic caricature.

Even if we were to refuse this name to the statues of the Egyptian gods, we should have to apply it to the papyri of Turin and the British Museum, where we find lions playing chess with antelopes, hyenas making propitiatory offerings to bears, and rats to cats or lions; as well as crocodiles, porpoises and asses playing the theorbo.

Whether they symbolize the different provinces of Egypt or stand for individual sovereigns, these pictures of animals engaged in the avocations of men mean something more than a mere sport of the pencil. Caricature began with symbolism. It continued by distortion. All ancient caricature except the Egyptian is founded on the idea of disproportion;—either between the different features,—as in the case of the comic figurines in the Louvre,—where Cyrano might have found a noble inspiration for the tirade against his nose—or between the head and the limbs, as in the combat between pigmies and cranes at Pompeii, or the Gorgon-heads that surmount the Greek antefixes. A lack of balance between the head and the body was the grand caricatural weapon of the pigmy-painters. Those who played in *masques* and *mimes* relied upon throwing the features out of balance. The best of the old caricatures combined both methods, as we see in the old drunkard at Vichy, lately discovered and placed in the Louvre. But in these cases, the distortion is deliberately determined and studiously pursued, not to symbolize any idea whatever, but simply to enhance ugliness and excite laughter.

For the entire antique world laughed uproariously at ugliness. Terra-cotta and bronze figurines, carnelian gems, fresco-paintings, big-bel-

lied vases, and cups shaped like the heads of decapitated animals, portraits of Pappus and Maccus, imaginary monsters from distant lands, one-eyed beings, club-footed beings, dog-headed beings and beings with no heads at all,—together with those creatures carefully described by Pliny, who have two pupils to one eye and the image of a horse in the other—all these gross conceptions suggest the same thought,—repugnance and contempt for ugliness, with a counter-suggestion of the worship of beauty. No psychology, no sub-cutaneous sense of the ridiculous,—it is all on the surface. The figures do not even move; they are mere masks. They represent the immutable convention, the everlasting *essence* of ugliness. The dramatic author may make a dash at psychology by suggesting that:—

"Heredis fletus sub persona risus est."

But the draughtsman can do nothing of the sort. He can indicate variety of impression only by variety of expression;—peculiarity of mind, by peculiarity of gesture. Now in the caricature of the ancients, the gestures are meaningless, and the expression absent. There is nothing to be seen but ugliness,—a stolid, baffling ugliness!

In the Middle Ages, however, caricature woke up, and became the grotesque. A soul slipped into the misshapen body. The stupid pigmy became the cunning kobold, or the knowing dwarf. Stupidity gave place to malice, and the stiff mask began to grimace. The motionless ape of the Gallo-Roman terra-cottas began to race and gambol along the frieze. At the very moment, when the cut-and-dried acanthus-leaf, glued on under the Greek abacus, began to revive, unfold and wave, the petrified gorgons broke into hideous smiles, the fantastic beasts who encircled the big bowls, as though imprisoned in a pound, began to leap up

and climb the column, to dance on the friezes, to lean their elbows upon railings, and peer open-mouthed above the gargoyles at the passer-by. To the art of caricature, as to every other art, the Middle Age gave liberty. Never again shall we see such riotous fancy in the artist, such large indulgence in the critic. It was the era of raillery in sculpture. Mediæval caricature took the form of a statue; and the standing-order for statuettes occupied all the leisure moments, for centuries, of the master modellers and stone-cutters who decorated the cathedrals. The best caricaturists were usually Flemish. They decorated chairs and stalls at twenty-five *sols* a figure. They are mostly anonymous, but we know that one very famous one was named Sür-lin; and if you examine carefully the noble choir of the Cathedral of Amicus you will find that another, the distinguished Trupin, has signed his name to his own portrait. Look at the crouching figure with a hammer in its hand: it is the Forain of the mediæval period! His cold laughter gurgles through all the vast lace work of that fairy-like piece of moulding, quite overpowering the resonance of the tiny columns, which the custodian childishly pauses to twang like harp strings as he goes by.

These pious jesters adorned with all manner of queer figures, not merely the choir stalls and the pendants of the ceiling, but those ironical little seats, where the prelates used to parade their persons during the office, half-sitting and half-standing, thus reconciling their own ease with canonical prescriptions, in view of which concession to human weakness the seats themselves were called *misericordes*. On them were caricatured all trades and types; the apothecary, the wood-carrier, the blacksmith shoeing a goose, the cooper adjusting his hoops: and above all, the monk,—the fine fat

monk, big-nosed and open-mouthed "galloping through his prayers, reeling off his masses, whiling away his vigils;"—and then the bourgeois with his mighty stomach and lusty enjoyment of all the good things of earth,—now intent upon the turning of spits, and the temperature of soups and the setting in their proper places of bits of lard, and now rolling a cask by the weight of his own person, and touching with the tip of his tongue the "holy water of the cellar;" priests and peasants vieing with one another in pulling the bung out of the cask, and sucking at the hole, or toying with the Bacchantes who hover about, grimacing faces and bodies indescribably contorted; sows who spin flax, and bishops grasping the fool's bauble in one hand and giving the Episcopal blessing with the other; foxes in cassocks preaching to chickens, or pulling up the monk's hood to leer at the passer-by, travestying the holy office, blessing and pilfering at the same moment, with the head of a stolen fowl always peeping out somewhere, and "asperging" their flock by a switch of the tail; court-fools up to a thousand unnameable deviltries; stags and asses saying masses with pyx and Bible; minstrels turning the hurdy gurdy, pigs playing the flute, bears the bagpipes, sirens the violin, and asses the harp, tumbling, scrambling, swarming, ringing bells and twanging lutes in a sort of convent farmyard where the aim of the artist has apparently been to personify the Acts of the Councils by figures out of the *Bestiary d'Amour*.

These puppets all come under the head of grotesque caricature. But our modern conception of the grotesque is quite different from the ancient. However indecent in appearance, these satires have a moral purpose. If the figures are made hideous and absurd, it is by way of inculcating goodness. The visible distortions of the Devil

and his dupes are primitive. In a corner of the rood-screen at Notre-Dame there is a caricature of Pierre de Cugnieres, advocate-general and bitter foe of the Church, and the clergy are crowding round with their tapers, and singeing the nose of the ugly little lost soul. Caricature of this kind is more terrifying than amusing, and it deforms that it may reform. It is laughter used as an instrument of repulsion. The great caricature the small, and the judges condemn at once to death and to ridicule. Thus the victims of the Inquisition mounted the pyre wearing pointed hoods and the *san-benito*, which was a sort of cape embroidered in grotesque designs,—and all to raise a laugh among the pious crowd. In Florence, conspirators were represented as standing on their heads, and at Venice, in the fourteenth century, at the time of the trial and condemnation of Marino Fallero, it was proposed to paint his portrait without the head. This is penal caricature.

This notion of punishing by ridicule survives in our own day, and the fool's cap of the dunce preserves a reminiscence of the *san-benito* of the *auto-da-fés*. The idea haunts a certain order of minds. Not long ago, a sociologist, very properly concerned about the diminution of the birth-rate in France, proposed a new kind of chastisement for the crime of remaining single. His notable device was that the celibate should be obliged to dress in dead-leaf color (not such a very bad costume after all!); and, at the end of two years, if still recalcitrant, that he should be forced to wear a coat spotted like a tiger's skin. He never doubted, apparently, that the unmarried man, in his dread of being made ridiculous, would rush into the bonds of Hymen rather than be debarred the swallow-tail of our delight; but his invention was really only a return to the method of disfigurement and penal caricature.

Disfiguring, caricature still was, at the advent of the Renaissance; but it had ceased, by that time, to be penal, and warred against ugliness only. An era of plastic rather than psychological beauty is always an era of plastic rather than psychological caricature. An ideal ugliness is imagined as an offset to the ideal loveliness, and as a matter of fact the Italian Renaissance concerned itself little with caricature. If Leonardo da Vinci really designed the grotesque heads preserved at Windsor Castle, he did them as M. Eugene Müntz, the learned historian of the Renaissance, has justly observed, in mere wantonness. He worked as a phrenologist or physiognomist, laying undue stress on the signs of disease and mortality:—noses and chins that meet like nut-crackers, and wrinkles radiating from the angles of the mouth like the spokes of a wheel. This brutal emphasis tells us what the great masters thought of caricature. To them it was merely an ignominious notation of ugliness; and ugliness was their arch-enemy. When the figure which they are studying is found to be outside the utmost limit of idealization, they scorn to take refuge in anything like the indulgent irony professed by the modern artist. They "charge" heavily, ruthlessly, without quarter. *Caricare* was the very word they used. Your true Idealist has always done the same. Look at the caricatures of Prud'hom Delacroix, or M. Puvion de Chavannes. These great artists, when they descend into the region of the comic, are as clumsy as big birds when they alight. It is the comedy of Wagner:—the irony of Victor Hugo. We feel that the artist is weary of sublimity rather than moved to pleasantry; and fatigue of any kind in the artist is immediately communicated to the spectator. When a great, intense creature like Delacroix undertakes to caricature a

man, he ridicules his muscularity rather than his emotionality. When an Idealist like Leonardo stoops to caricature he represents a beast in human shape, not an intelligent man. The genuine Idealist cannot bring himself to ridicule a soul; and this is the whole secret of his heaviness in caricature.

From the end of the Renaissance onward we get less and less of the grotesque in representations of the human figure, but more and more of the purely comic element introduced into the acts and adventures of heroes. With Breughel the Droll, in the sixteenth century, the transformation begins; with Callot, in the seventeenth, it proceeds; with Hogarth, in the eighteenth, it is complete. Caricature no longer defies the fundamental proportions of the human frame, but merely compels it to assume comical postures. It no longer devises a grotesque visage, but gives an ordinary visage a grotesque expression. This is the era of the grimace, which deforms the features indeed, but only temporarily. It is made evident that the same features, in repose, would be almost regular and the limbs fairly well proportioned. The tongue is run out, but not so but that it can go back into the mouth from which it has incautiously issued. The fantastic absurdities and supernatural monsters of the Temptations of Saint Antony have gone to rejoin in the shades the *incubi* and the *secubi* and the leering tun-bellies. The Devil is quite gone by, and we are beginning to look more closely at man. The antique mask of old, so absolutely motionless, its muscles relaxed by the Middle Ages, its skin filled out by the Renaissance, becomes ever more and more sensitive to the slightest emotion and expressive of the most transient feeling. We are touching the epoch of Lavater's *Physiognomonie*. Von Göz and Chodowiecki

illustrate, and are inspired by it, at the close of the eighteenth century; and Boilly is moulding the facial muscles to his will at the beginning of the nineteenth. His faces are of India-rubber. It is disfigurement still, but sparkling with intelligence, malice and purpose. The period of the grotesque is gone by.

With those truly great masters of modern caricature, Daumier and Gavarni, the era of characterism begins. The "charge"—or technical caricature—of the past is now almost unknown. It was still in the ascendant with Dantan and strove hard to keep its place with Gill. Under the second Empire, when the caricaturist had to get permission from the caricatured, infinite fun was made of the reply of Lamartine to a newspaper which had requested the privilege of "charging" him. Instead of answering like Gustave Aymard,—“You want my head, Hanneton? Take it, but do not scalp it!” or like Strauss, “I hereby authorize you to make a caricature of me—in three time”—the poet responded that to disfigure man was to insult the God who had created him in His image: but that otherwise they might do what they pleased with him, “for is not the sun’s image reflected in a puddle?” Roars of laughter greeted this solemn reply: but now, after the lapse of years, the “charges” of that day are regarded as the most pitiful abominations imaginable; while Lamartine’s *not* still lives. Our great living caricaturists have justified him, for they “disfigured man” no more. MM. Willette, Ibels, Forain and Caran d’Ache are always most applauded when they are least grotesque. If public taste still inclined to the old fashioned caricature, M. Léandre, the author of *Ma Normandie* and the *Musée des Souverains*, must have been its prime favorite, for he is inimitable in that line. A glance at his *Sovereigns’ Museum*

would convince one that each nation has chosen for its chief the biggest monstrosity within its border. But M. Léandre's "charges" never detain us long. They came too late, into a world grown too old to laugh at them. They seek, by systematic and stupid exaggeration, to stir the risibles of a restless generation, craving "sincerity" above all things, curiously observant, enamored of characterism, or of the symbols which look like thoughts.

Characterization has been, in fact, the chief end of our modern caricaturists. The third epoch of caricature, the characteristic, began when true artists first applied their talents to caricature. For a genuine artist cannot condescend merely to ridicule a man—still less to distort and deface the human type. He caricatures for the sake of characterization—to emphasize some particular gesture or play of feature; so to concentrate and focus the involuntary and unperceived features of the human machine, that the fleshly envelope will yield up its inmost secrets. Ingres is quoted as saying "We must be characteristic to the verge of caricature," and Gavarni protested that he was no caricaturist because he had raised caricature to the power of characterization. And he was not so in the old sense of the word, though he was in the new. There is hardly an instance of deformity among his figures; a smaller number with Henry Monnier and Travlès, fewer yet with Daumier, Cham and Grévin and none at all with M. Forain.

It is the same in other countries. The three great draughtsmen of Punch, Tenniel, Leech and Du Maurier, all characterize without distorting; while in Germany, Löffler draws like Gavarni, and Harburger, Steub, Schlittgen, Schlessman and Grögler give us figures in perfect proportion. The grotesque is long gone by. The fierce and diabolical fancy of the great

imaginative buffoons is found only in Tony Johannot and Félicien Rops,—two caricaturists of the second class. An artist now draws a caricature as a wit makes a *bon mot*, to sum up a situation, illuminate a conception, define a position. The motto usually goes a little farther than the picture, but characterizes it better than a long discourse would do. Its aim is not so much to divert by sarcasm, as to impress by truth.

The fact is that caricature now so closely approaches the exact observation of life that it is difficult to draw the line between the caricaturist and the "modernist" in art. What makes a drawing by M. Forain a caricature, while a drawing by M. Raffaelli is not so? When M. Renouard throws off his admirable sketches of bearded anarchists, saying with an angelic smile, "You bourgeois idiots, anarchy is heaven!" why is he not a caricaturist as well as M. Steinlen? Why, if Nicholson's "syntheses" in yellow and black are caricatures, are Whistler's "harmonies" not caricatures? If M. Béraud paints the *Salle Graffard*, and M. Willette draws delicious little Pierrots walking arm-in-arm with chubby undertakers, which is the caricaturist here and which the poet? Shall we call M. Willette the caricaturist because his drawing embodies a thought, and we divine under the special and superficial form a profound and universal symbol?

It may be so, and that we have here an indication of what caricature is to be in the future. There are signs on all hands that, after fifty years or so of mere caricaturism, it is developing in the direction of a more idealistic and generalizing type. Caricature no longer hits off an individual, but a people; it does not confine itself to light jokes and petty spites, but aims at the expression of deep feeling, keen anxiety, and the hidden ironies of destiny. This is the sort of caricature which Mr. Charles

Dana Gibson produces in the United States. In form, his work is mere line drawing; sometimes gay in spirit and sometimes altogether grave;—large surfaces boldly covered, in a style worthy the great masters of design. His theme is usually love in American life, the sumptuous and supremely elegant life of those young heiresses of the great fortunes—whose eyes turn instinctively toward superannuated Europe. From that effete region come titled young men, all very ugly, and all very poor. The American girl, who, by a bold hypothesis of the caricaturist, is always beautiful as the day, dreams disdainfully, and yet rather anxiously, of the dubious future before her, and even when seated between two "authentic duchesses" she does not feel quite happy. What real claim on her respect has this Europe which she despises? It has, what is not made in a day, a history; and it has—what one person alone can never make—it has *homes*. So then we see Europe, personified by the heraldic lion of England, with crowned head and bristling mane, let loose in the arena, where the young American girls in their trained gowns stand huddled together, paralyzed by fear. The heraldic lion advances with a slow and scornful step to claim his prey, while a little Anacreontic Love slinks away pouting, disgusted with a play in which he has no part.

But the new caricature is associated with pity and with irony, on this side of the Atlantic as well. The things of this world are no longer divided into those which make us laugh and those which make us weep. The same things make us do both by turns. The dreams and the jests of M. Willette are alike tearful. Masks and carnival figures pass before us, but they traverse a Corot landscape with a Watteau step; and if they sing it is the melancholy air of "Malbrook's gone over the water." Never, never do we hear them laugh.

They seem to ask whether one should not rather drop a tear over Don Quixote mocked and baffled, Mr. Pickwick condemned, Cyrano unrecognized. Deep melancholy is discernible under their fantastic disguises; their figures take on heroic proportions, and fade away like a dream. The pencil of M. Willette can clothe his puppets with a poetry beyond that of reality. So far from emphasizing only what is absurd, he accentuates what is pathetic. He idealizes as he ridicules; and this is the latest evolution of caricature.

Let us illustrate. A man takes a turn round a drawing-room and the porch on which it opens. There is a cheval-glass in the drawing-room, and outside there are a lawn-globe and a lake. If he stops in turn before each of these reflecting surfaces, he will get three entirely different reflections of himself. The lawn-globe inflates his nose and his cheeks, but contracts his stomach and does away almost entirely with his arms and legs. He sees himself as a convex monster, with the head of an ogre, and the feet of an insect. This is *deforming* caricature.

He steps inside and looks into the mirror. There he sees himself as he is; but if he happens to be a poor man with an awkward figure and a shabby coat and waistcoat, the thing he sees is none the less likely to look like a caricature, because the man who studies himself in a glass stands a good chance of being a fool. This is *characteristic* caricature.

Finally he goes out again, and gazes into the lake; and be his figure never so commonplace a one, the lengthened and reversed image striped with the horizontal lines drawn by the wind on the surface of the water, the unsteady legs and waving arms, give him the semblance of a phantom, of which the substance blends with that of the fluid medium in which it is immersed, its exaggerated proportions

melting away into a background of blue sky and foliage, woods and clouds, as the symbol exaggerates and effaces the reality.

Our friend's promenade is that of Humanity before Caricature, which was first disfiguring, as in the lawn-globe; then faithful, as in the mirror; and finally profound, as in the image reflected in the bosom of the lake. First it made man laugh; then it made him see; last of all it made him think.

The evolution in caricature-drawing is no less remarkable. First it was flat and conventional, like a hieroglyphic. Then it became as realistic and highly-relieved as the image in a stereopticon. In our time it has once more become as immaterial as handwriting. This evolution has been determined in the first instance by the process employed by the artist himself,—and then by the various processes of reproduction. In the time of the Ptolemies all the caricaturist aimed at was a silhouette profile, either drawn on papyrus or incised in stone. In neither case did his implements permit him to make the figures round. He was reduced to a continuous line defining the figure in space, and suggesting by one stroke the ironical or terrifying symbol. He had to select, from among a multitude of lines, the only living, speaking, symbolical ones. He had no thought of producing any illusion of reality. He had something to say, and provided he made himself intelligible, he was content. This was the linear period.

The Greco-Latin caricaturist had comparatively nothing to say, but he tried to say it better. The lines become more complex, the colors employed more numerous. The bronze or clay are run into more varied moulds. The pigmies on the frescoes are as well modelled as the gods. The toga-clad apes in terra-cotta or metal are real statuettes. The tendency is always

toward realization. This was the beginning of the plastic period.

In the Middle Ages, when caricature was executed with bold strokes of the chisel on the portals of churches, or freely sculptured in the wood of choir-stalls, it admitted of rather elaborate modelling. At the same time its purpose was decorative, and it had to be adapted as far as might be to the general character of the edifice. Hence that *huddling* of figures which is so characteristic of the mediæval grotesque; great heads on little bodies, legs doubled up: arms folded under the chin. This was the plastic and decorative period.

From the decorative point of view, which more or less constrained the figure, the grotesque statuette is still an agreeable object to the eye; whereas, considered by itself merely, it would be disgusting. We cannot keep long on view a single statuette by Dantan, or any such caricaturist. We experience a vague sense of discomfort, which tells us that satirical sculpture is in bad style, false, clumsy and repulsive. The reason is that, as caricature is synthetic, it is very much more difficult to express it in a material where all the planes have to be reproduced and the material of the surface imitated, as in sculpture. Moreover, the statuette or the bust always aims at a kind of optical illusion, while the line drawn upon paper, is, in the nature of things, a mere symbol. Ugliness may be indicated, but it is not positively materialized, as in the round. The impression should be transitory. One may evoke a monster, but one ought not to exhibit him.

He is exhibited, however, in all his hideousness, with all his wrinkles and blemishes, in the caricature of the Renaissance. Breughel the Droll, Callot, Romain de Hoogh and Bosse, as well as the caricaturists who succeeded them in the seventeenth century, undertook to model their grotesque figures

perfectly. They thought to increase their comicality by every added touch. Theirs was the method in caricature of Rabelais, rather than the simple outline, the sobriety and restraint of La Bruyère or La Fontaine. As the art of engraving improved, the drawing of the caricature became heavier and more complicated; and so we come to the chiaroscuro of the eighteenth century, and finally to Hogarth, who executes oil-paintings in which all the technical resources of high art are employed to depict the fatuous laugh of a libertine, a fashionable bridegroom, or an electioneer. This was the *chiaroscurist* period.

The canvases of Hogarth marked its culmination. Directly after him the modelling becomes less solid, and the lines lighter and more sketchy. In 1774, in Germany, we begin to get the so-called "shade-drawing," that is to say, a flat silhouette profile in black; where, as in Chinese drawing, the expression is all in the outline. Our French caricaturists continued for some time longer to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by engraving and lithography, to load their sketches with dense and heavy shadows, as in genuine pictures. This was the case with Boiso, Carle Vernet, Pigal, Debucourt, Gaudissart and Boilly. But

with Philipon the picture begins to give place to the sketch proper. With Belangé the heavy shadows disappear, and certain lines are so emphasized as to suggest a synthesis. With Daumier, there are still a few shadows, but very rarely any attempt at formal composition. With Travès the composition becomes yet more simple, and the lines become the main thing. With Guillaume-Sulpice Chevallier — better known as Gavarni, composition is reduced to the presentation of two personages at most, and the whole character, expression, suggestion of the caricature, depend upon the lines. The return to purely linear caricature is plainly in sight. It is in high favor with Granville, it is in higher with Cham; it is definitely adopted by Busch, Crafty, and Grévin in his second manner. The latter gradually clarifies his drawing, which was confused when he began, until he arrives at the simplest possible synthesis. Ever since caricature was introduced into the daily newspaper, which is printed in hot haste and upon poor paper, it has been growing more and more rudimentary. We are fast getting back to the bare silhouette of the Etruscan vase and the Egyptian papyrus, as the designs of MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache plainly show.

Robert de la Sizeranne.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

(To be concluded.)

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

One night, just two hundred years ago, at a meeting of a certain Kit-Cat Club, famous for its mutton pies and its Whiggism, a little person, not yet eight years old, and uncommonly shrewd, quick, and bright-eyed, is unanimously elected as the Club's toast for the year, finely complimented by the noisy fine company (the little toast

understands and remembers the compliments very well indeed) before she goes back to dull lessons, a "home-spun governess," and obscurity.

This little adventure is, indeed, only the beginning of a life full of adventures—and of ventures, one may add—for the child-toast of the Kit-Cats grows into the girl who elopes pres-

ently with a certain Mr. Wortley, accompanies him through a thousand difficulties on his embassy to the Porte, introduces into England a harebrained scheme called inoculation (at which the pompous faculty look greatly askance), is loved and hated by Pope, is my Lady Bute's mother and a great figure—not a little dreaded and admired—in a great society, leaves her husband and England for many years' obscurity in Italy, and writes letters which have none of the delicate softness of Madame de Sévigné or the polish of Lord Chesterfield, but a bold, vivid, daring portraiture, and a strong, coarse, honest view of life, which is no one's in the world but Lady Wortley Montagu's.

My Lady does not write at nearly such great length as that witty enemy of hers—Horace Walpole. While he is etching in a single light or shade into one of his fine pictures, she has painted a dozen impressions with her great brush. Is her Ladyship's style more vivid when she is struggling home from Constantinople through the Europe of two hundred years ago with a "numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast"—when she is writing from stormy Twit'nam ("Dr. Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's," says she, "and their conjunction has produced a ballad"), or as an old woman, forgotten by the world she dominated, from Lovere? One hardly knows. She writes always with the broadest humor, vigor, and spirit. Her jolly laugh rings out from those letters still. Her deeper views of life—My Lady is surely the pluckiest woman who ever suffered sorrow—are as fresh as if they were written yesterday. There is an honesty in her very coarseness, which clears an air murky with Swift's foulness and Pope's indecencies. The times she lived in live again. One sees the Continent of that great eighteenth century, with its

"boys and governors" from England doing the Grand Tour, the "certain person" a loyal Hanoverian must needs avoid at Rome, the birth-night and the coronation of his Majesty King George II., the gay company at the Bath, the frolics of the Maids of Honor, the dull country life, the easy morality of the town, polite assemblies listening to "Tom Jones," the lords and the wits, invincible old Sarah Marlborough, "dear Molly Skerrit," Congreve, Steele, Young, Swift, Pope, Addison, "Sophia," Duke of Wharton, "Fanny," Lord Hervey, great Burnet of Salisbury, and the greatest woman of the day, the letter-writer herself.

My little Lady Mary has, with the brilliant exception of that Kit-Cat incident, the dullest neglected childhood that ever prepared a woman for greatness. She is sent, when she is still a very small shrewd creature, to be educated by Grandmamma Elizabeth Pierrepont, from whom, perhaps, she gets that taste for reading which is to stand her in such good stead hereafter; and is not yet eight years old when she is removed to the care, or the carelessness, of his Grace her papa (her mother is already dead), and the society of her little sisters and brother, and of that good stupid old nurse, with her tales of bogeys and hobgoblins and her Methodist religion, at Thoresby. "My own education was one of the worst in the world," says her Ladyship, long after. Whatever she knows (and at twelve she is imitating Ovid with a splendid audacity, and carrying on a "regular commerce" with that other clever old grandmother at Denbigh, at a very early age) she learns mostly without assistance. She has lessons presently from the professed carving master three times a week; is permitted the friendship of Mistress Dolly Walpole, the sister of a certain Robert; and is in years still a child and in mind a woman in a thousand,

when one day, at some girlish party, she meets a grave elderly Mr. Wortley, whom she "surprises" (there is an account of the meeting still extant in her own handwriting) with her vigorous criticisms on a new play.

My Lady Mary is, in fact, no more afraid of this serious man of affairs than she is of any other creature in the world. She expresses her opinions to him no doubt with a delightful frankness and freedom, and looks up at him—she is in the girlish dawn of such vivid beauty that it would make any opinions palatable perhaps—with the eyes which a certain little crippled poet is to immortalize hereafter and with a shrewdness and daring all her own. Mr. Wortley introduces her presently (after an ingenious time-honored method) to his sister, Mrs. Anne, and Mrs. Anne, who is very charming and accommodating, begins a regular correspondence (the brother guiding the pen as it were) with "My dear Lady Mary" and the opening chapters of the subtlest love story ever written.

Her girlish Ladyship at Thoresby understands very well indeed from the first those pompous compliments to her wit and understanding from a "humble servant of yours," or "a Cambridge Doctor." Can't one fancy dearest Mary running to her chamber to read alone, with a twinkle in her eyes and some fluttering pride in her heart perhaps, those remarkably effusive productions of dearest Anne's, and replying to them with all the spirit and cleverness she can muster (which is not a little) by the very next post? It is not until the gentle intermediary dies that Lady Mary corresponds directly with Mr. Wortley; and by the time she does so, it is pretty evident that they are both well on that course which never did run smooth.

It may be, indeed, from the first (as it is from the first the pair are always quarrelling and wanting and distrust-

ing each other) that Mr. Wortley has a passion for a beautiful creature rather than a sober affection for a great woman; while Lady Mary (she is but twenty years old and already far too clever to be happy) will have him give her, above everything, his respect and esteem, and *will* bargain, as it were, for a lifetime of content in place of a few weeks of delight. One can't somehow but pity her. It is as if she were always asking her heart if she loved the man, and could never distinguish its answer. "I can esteem, I can be a friend," she says, "but I don't know if I can love."

And her father, who first approved of Mr. Wortley as a son-in-law, breaks off the engagement on some question about settlements without consulting Lady Mary, and rouses her on a sudden into fidelity and determination. She is introduced into society—a wit, a beauty, and a duke's daughter, has plenty of admirers one may be sure—and she won't look at one of them. She is forbidden to speak or to write to Mr. Wortley. And she meets him—secretly—at Dick Steele's; or at Corticelli's, the singer; or "coming downstairs after service at St. James;" and writes to him (even in these secret letters the strange couple are always doubting and reproaching each other) by any messenger she can get.

Driven desperate at last by the appearance of another suitor (favored by My Lady's father) on the scene, the lovers arrange an elopement. "Reflect now, for the last time," writes Lady Mary to the man who once showed signs of declining to marry her without a handsome dowry, "in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and petticoat, and that is all you will get with me." She faces her fate, and decides it. Her whole world is in opposition to her. Her uncle tries to help her and cannot. Brother William, whom

she has trusted a little, fails her. Her father, deaf to her passionate prayers, tears, and entreaties, and as obstinate as destiny, has already laid out four hundred pounds in "wedding cloaths" for the marriage of his own choosing. The final runaway details are arranged—the obliging friend's house—"the coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow." And on the last night of all (or what the lovers take to be the last night, for the elopement is still further frustrated and postponed) Mary writes to her lover that very little letter, which is so much more pathetic than all the long-winded pathos of *Clarissa* over which she is to weep hereafter, and which begins: "I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent?" and ends, "My resolution is taken. Love me and use me well."

The young wife spends the first year or two of her married life in hired houses in Yorkshire or staying with friends, while her husband is a good deal in London. The pair remain lovers a good while—or they reproach and distrust each other, at least, just as they did in their long courtship, for some time after the birth of their son. Little Edward is put out to nurse, after the pleasing fashion of the day, and then returned to his mother, who is perfectly bold and enterprising even now, and tries on him, for his delicacy, "hazardous remedies" like cold baths. She offers her opinion pretty freely, too, to Mr. Wortley upon his political prospects (My Lady makes the mistake through life of always offering opinions when she has them, and of always having them upon all subjects), and her views are so uncommonly sound and sensible that one doesn't wonder if Mr. Wortley—who looks out of his picture with lips very positive and obstinate—should resent their wisdom a little and prefer to be clever, as it were, by himself.

At the opportune death of Queen Anne, he brings his Whig notions and his brilliant wife to the Whig Court, where her ladyship entertains not a little those dull Germanic persons with that daring wit of hers, which is no respecter of persons, not even of the sacred person of her royal admirer, his little strutting, stupid, dapper Highness George, Prince of Wales. There is, indeed, but one woman in that circle who is cleverer than my Lady Mary—and George's wife, the Princess, has little of Mary's bold beauty and charm. It is at this period of her life that Mary first makes the acquaintance of Congreve, Addison, and Vanbrugh, and of a certain little Mr. Pope, most likely, who very soon begins to pay her those witty indelicate compliments, which her ladyship, who is robust rather than refined, and has a very honest virtue protected by a sometimes (it is to be feared) very coarse speech, values at quite their true worth, and accepts with perfect complacency. There are, no doubt, plenty of highflown admirers besides Mr. Pope, to assure the Flavia of those Town Eclogues (which Lady Mary writes in the year of the happy accession of his Majesty King George I.) that even the smallpox has been powerless to destroy her beauty, and to very sincerely regret, when she accompanies her husband on his Embassy to the Porte, the loss of such a jolly, vigorous, original, social power.

Mr. Wortley and his wife—or his wife and Mr. Wortley, as one chooses to put it—leave Gravesend with two servants, and a very small son, on a certain day in July, 1716, for Adrianople and Constantinople via Rotterdam, the Hague, Cologne, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, and Vienna. It is at Rotterdam that My Lady begins writing, in letters to Sister Mar, Mr. Pope, and others, that famous description of her travels—than which there is, perhaps, none more frank, vivid, vigorous, and

faithful. She writes under a thousand difficulties and from all kinds of places. She observes everything. She learns all about the manners, language, and customs of the countries she stays in. She records the latest fashions in Vienna. She is "pretty far gone in Oriental learning" at Adrianople. She copies Latin inscriptions from the monuments at Eski Stamboul. She dines with a Grand Vizier's Lady, and wears the Turkish habit in which her miniature is painted. She sees "as much of the seraglio as is to be seen" —which, in point of fact, is not much. She writes a famous account, quite off-spoken and characteristic, of the baths at Sophia. She pays and receives state visits. She copies Turkish verses for the benefit of Mr. Pope. She maps out for herself, for a summer holiday at Belgrade, such a course of study as would put a modern blue-stocking (My Lady has far too keen a sense of humor to pose as a blue-stocking) to the blush. She observes the custom of inoculation, and tries it with a triumphant success on little Edward. At the Peri of Constantinople her little daughter ("the passion of my life") is born to her. She has a bodily vigor and courage not a little extraordinary. She is at all times mentally alert and greedy of fresh knowledge and new impressions. She is now only twenty-eight years old and has the judgment and wisdom of forty. It has already become the motto of her life that "one must pluck up a spirit," look at the humorous side of everything, and make the best of a bad world. To Mr. Wortley she does not now allude very much in her letters. But she speaks once of her own "principles of passive obedience" which carry her through everything; and would find that summer at Belgrade "Elysium if it had a river Lethe in it." Each student of the human heart must draw his own conclusions.

The little party proceed homewards presently (even her Ladyship's stout spirit fails her somewhat at the prospect of passing "those dreadful Alps" with her young family), ascend Mont Cenis, "being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders," and, having posted through a France ripening to revolution, reach England safely. It is on her travels that My Lady has received those famous, witty, highflown, artificial, and not a little indecent letters from Mr. Pope (they are written in the language of an exorbitant passion, each indorsed by Mr. Wortley and copied by Mary verbatim into a diary), and it is at Dover that Mary (who can't for the life of her be prudent or restrain that wicked wit of hers) writes and sends to Pope a finely satirical parody on his "Lovers struck by Lightning," which she is to find hereafter the sensitive little bard of Twit'nam does not at all appreciate.

By the time they reach London Mary finds herself the first woman in England. She was a wit and a beauty when she left, and is now not less witty and beautiful, and the greatest traveller of her day. Pope has immortalized her in undying lines. She has brought back with her a splendid scheme for the good of mankind. All the talent of her country is at her feet. She has, indeed, in her absence lost certain illusions and replaced them by a plucky philosophy. She is no longer the girl arguing with her lover on the subtleties of love, and dreaming in her heart of a happiness in which her sage head would never let her believe. She and Mr. Wortley have accepted the most fatal of all alienations and are very good friends.

She is so famous and "pulled about" presently over this inoculation scheme that he takes a villa for her at literary Twit'nam, where she lives with a "small, snug set of dear intimates,"

gallops across country to get away from a melancholy which she is fighting with a great deal of spirit all her life, minds the children ("My daughter . . . grows a little woman," she writes), sends to Paris for the latest fashions, and satisfies, so far as she can, the most insatiable passion for learning that ever a woman had.

She has "dear Molly Skerrit" to stay with her presently—Molly hereafter becoming the stepmother of Mary's bitter, brilliant rival, Horace Walpole. Mary runs up to town for a masquerade or the birthnight; and back to Twit'nam to escape those married lovers "beautiful Molly Lepell" and "Fanny," Lord Hervey, who are "perpetually cooling" in her ladyship's town house. She goes to the Bath and the Wells to see the company and preserve herself from boredom. She writes the latest town scandals in the most perfectly direct language to Sister Mar, in Paris. She has all the births, deaths, marriages, divorces, intrigues, and the most piquant of little stories at her fingers' ends. At Twit'nam she sees "Mr. Congreve sometimes and very seldom Mr. Pope." She is involved in, and extricates herself from, a money affair connected with the South Sea Bubble and a Monsieur Rémond. She has an "immortal quarrel" with "Sophia," Lord Wharton. She writes a ballad on a notorious adventure of a certain Mrs. Murray, and is quite surprised when Mrs. Murray is offended and attacks her ladyship "in very Billingsgate at a masquerade." (It is characteristic of Mary that all through her life she never understands why any one should feel hurt at being the butt of her jolly laugh or the object of her candid satire.) My Lady's father dies, at the end not quite unforgiving. "That ungovernable little rake," her son, runs away from school. Her daughter is growing up at her side. She is herself getting nearer

middle life—perfectly humorous and plain-spoken, and not at all refined.

It is not known at precisely what time in her career the coldness that has been between her and Pope since that Dover parody of Pope's "Lovers" breaks suddenly into fire. Before she settles at Twit'nam the little bard is still writing her fine letters (though briefer and colder than they used to be), and it is at Mr. Pope's request she has her portrait painted by Kneller. And then of a sudden the pair are at each other tooth and nail, vilifying and insulting each other, furious, unscrupulous, unclean. My Lady gets the worst of it, of course. She is the less in the wrong, it seems. No woman (and my Lady Montagu least of any woman in the world) could be defamed so foully and make no reply. If she is beaten by the matchless malignity of the little Popish bard, she makes a good fight for it, at all events, and hasn't any overstrained delicacy in alluding to her enemy's doubtful ancestry and personal defects. Can't one fancy her, stung to the last point of passion at length by some unquotable couplet of that evil genius collaborating with Lord Hervey, who himself has good cause to hate Pope, and is himself a poet,

(The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day),

and flashing out those famous verses which end:

Then whilst with coward-hand you
stab a name,
And try at least t'assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But, as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by
God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through
the land.

The lines are not genius, perhaps, but there is such a rage in them that one can but think Pope's "furious Sappho" must have made him wince at last.

The effort exhausts her somehow. She is indeed always more or less game for a fight, if the expression may be used, to the last hour of her life, but she is neither so young nor so capable of throwing off her burdens and laughing at them as she used to be.

The "lles" of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" can't but affect one who thinks "the most groundless accusation is always of ill consequence to a woman." She has nothing to keep her in a country where all friends are reading such accusations, loudly disbelieving them, and wondering a little if there is not some truth in them after all. Edward is wild and away. My Lady's "dear child" is married to Lord Bute, and has her own cares and interests; while Mr. Wortley is to follow his wife to the Continent in a six weeks which extend into many years, during which husband and wife exchange innumerable letters, over which the world may still conjecture.

One wonders if My Lady leaving England for the second time—fifty years old and not a little falling in health—contrasts this going with that earlier brilliant journey to the Porte. She is famous enough now; and then still hoped for better things than fame. She turns her back resolutely on her old world and looks-out for a new; cultivates a very agreeable general acquaintance at Venice, visits La Trappe at Florence, all the "fine, buildings, paintings, and antiquities" at Rome, settles for a while at Chambery and Avignon, and finally for years at Lovere.

There have been, naturally, a thousand surmises as to the motives which induce her to remain away from her husband, her daughter, and her coun-

try for almost a quarter of a century. She makes interests and a world for herself, very carefully, in the various places at which she stays. Here, she teaches the old priests of the town whist and plays with them—penny points—regularly every evening. There, she has a garden and dairy, bees and silkworms. She walks and rides. She studies medicine a little and doctors the simple people about her. The travelling English come to visit her. She has a blessed quarrel, to relieve the tedium of things, with a certain Cardinal Querini (My Lady has always at least one quarrel on hand, it seems). Her rank, her wit, and her reputation make her, as may well be imagined, the lioness of all the simple parties she attends, and, true to her principle of so banishing care, she attends all she can. Her dearest Lady Pomfret, to whom she is always writing in terms of a delightfully extravagant compliment, comes to see her. The woman who once was worshipped by all the wit in England, makes a "very shining figure" in a very little Italian community by the introduction of "custards, cheesecakes, and mince pies." There is nothing beneath her notice, as it were. If one is to be content, one must be interested above all in the trifles of the passing moment. Human nature, too, is human nature here as at Twit'nam or in town, and My Lady studies it with an irresistible twinkle in those clever eyes, and not a little melancholy sometimes in her heart.

That she has always a clinging to the country from which she has banished herself will certainly not be doubted by the readers of the letters of this period of her life. She has her views still (expressed quite plainly in her characteristic fashion) on its politics, its future, its Court scandals, its literature.

My Lady's dear daughter is always sending her mother (with a very proper

and British-matronly regret that My Lady should read such "lumber") boxes of the latest fiction ("Pamela," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random"), which Mary, who preserves a number of girlish traits to the very end of her life, sobs over, and despises, and sits up all night to devour. As to that dear daughter herself, she is in her mother's thoughts and heart always. My Lady, who won't ever let herself be sentimental, and is parted from her child by her own act alone, writes her letters, in which through the sound common-sense, the wisdom, and the mirth, one may hear very plainly a crying note, not a little pathetic, of yearning and tenderness. The daughter forgets to write sometimes, but the mother never. If My Lady lacks, as some say, a thousand virtues, she is at least capable of one infinite affection.

She writes to her husband too. The causes of their long separation are, perhaps, like the causes of a yet more famous estrangement, too simple to be easily found out. They remain apparently good friends. They are quite solicitous about each other's health and welfare. They discuss the subjects they have in common—which are not a few. It does not seem to occur to them to want to see each other. Perhaps they do not realize how long they have been parted; or find, by some tacit agreement, that they can like and respect each other better apart after all.

Mary has been away from him one-and-twenty years when the news of her husband's death reaches her. She is herself, by now, old and broken in health. "I am preparing for my last and longest journey," she writes, "and stand on the threshold of this dirty world." Can't one fancy her recalling for a while that bold bid for happiness of her daring youth—that brief dream to which the awakening came so soon? She is at Venice, and alone, as she has been alone almost all her life, and as all

great people must be perhaps. And the indomitable spirit of the woman reasserts itself, and she returns, in spite of "a great snow, weak sight, trouble of mind, and a feeble body," to England.

What a return it must be! The society she left behind her has passed away. There is a new king on the throne, and the dawn of a better age in the land. The "dear child" from whom My Lady parted is a middle-aged woman. Mary's own wit and fame are nothing to this new world. Only one person even remembers to be malicious, and that is a certain little cynical rival letter-writer, who calls upon her Ladyship in Hanover Square and goes home to speak "of that old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage." My Lady has other visitors, kindly and generous. A "terrible distemper" that has come upon her, "the most virulent cancer I ever heard of," can't abate the woman's spirit and courage. She faces death as bravely as she has faced life. She has, to the end almost, "more than the vivacity of fifteen." Not a month before her death she is at a party at Lady Bute's—with that hideous disease concealed under fine clothes and the paint and plaster at which Horace Walpole mocked. Can any one but admire such pluck? The last letter she writes is to do a friend a service. The physicians soothe the dreadful tortures of her last days with hemlock. And on the 21st of August, 1762, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, and after a career extraordinarily daring and chequered, dies My Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

As to the robust genius of the woman, about that at least there can be very little doubt. No written opinions have ever received so completely the sanction of posterity as her Ladyship's. It is Mary who writes "*Ne plus ultra*" in her copy of "Tom Jones" and characterizes "Pamela" as "the joy of the

Chambermaids of all nations." It is Mary who speaks of Cousin Fielding "as having no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman;" and of the then anonymous "Rambler" as the work of a "laborious author," and written "in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper." She would not be such a true woman as she is if she could give Swift (Swift being Pope's friend) all his due, or such a great mind if she could altogether deny his dark and dreadful genius. Her range of reading is extraordinarily catholic and versatile. She quotes Italian poetry and the plays of the Restoration. She reads Hobbes, Bolleau, Rousseau, and Jeremy Ollier. She is familiar with Virgil and Theocritus. She is "scarcely twenty years old" when she translates, in a week of solitude, the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus. She writes French essays—not in very good French, to be sure, but in pretty daring and untrammelled French after all. Her poems are uncommonly hasty, clever, and candid, as one might expect them to be. She writes a history—also very candid, no doubt—and burns it. What an energetic intelligence it is! What a pose of learning such a woman might have made if she had chosen! And she writes: "I do not doubt God and nature have thrown us (*i. e.*, women) into an inferior rank; we are a lower part of the creation, we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this rebels against the law of the Creator and indisputable order of nature;" and apologizes to Lord Bute for recommending that his daughters should have a learned education, not indeed, that they might share "that fame which men have engrossed to themselves," but simply to amuse their solitude, moderate their passions, and teach them "to be contented with a small expense." Mary has, in fact,

that rare quality in clever women—wisdom. Her axioms are not half as brilliant as some people's, but they are infinitely more true. "There is nothing more foolish," she says, "than to be too wise to be happy." "General notions are generally wrong." "Where passion is only on one side, every marriage must be miserable." "In this mortal state of imperfection, fig-leaves are as necessary for our minds as for our bodies," and (from her own experience, perhaps), "A love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety." She does not lay herself out to be witty, as it were; she is content to be wise. She is not a bit averse to being criticised, or to fighting the critic, if he is uncomplimentary. She lacks, perhaps, some of the finer graces of style; but her letters have that one supreme charm, beyond all other letters ever published, or ever written perhaps—they are herself.

Take up her volumes and you see not only—or chiefly—the chameleon world she portrayed, but the woman who portrays it. There she is, with her stout, shrewd, wise old face, looking at you through the pages. Are you a humbug of any kind? Be sure Mary has found you out, as she found out the little weak points of St. John Lord Bollingbroke, Samuel Richardson, the great Dean of St. Patrick's, and the false prudes of society. She will quarrel with you—for sixpence. She will tell you a jolly, imprudent, scandalous story before she has known you five minutes; and laugh that loud, candid laugh of hers at quite a doubtful joke. Mention the immortal name of a little crooked poet, and the old eyes will flash fire, hate, and rage; and the name of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, to the Porte, and there will come a something on the old face that will

warn you that Mary knows how to hold that imprudent tongue of hers sometimes, and on one subject at least to keep the world at bay. She has been dead—is it a hundred years?—with a fine cenotaph to her memory in Litchfield Cathedral; and as she stands beside you, you can hear her old heart still beating life, fight, and courage. You can see the human sadness underneath the twinkle in the eyes, and remember how she is all her life battling the demon Melancholy, and vanquishing him, and laughing at him prostrate,

Longman's Magazine.

and fighting and vanquishing him again, when he gets up, newly armed (as he always does), the next day or the day after that. The firm mouth will soften into a rare tenderness at the mention of her Ladyship of Bute. Who is it says that Mary is close-fisted about money, careless about person and reputation, malignant, shameless, vile? What does it matter who says it? When you read the letters you look up at her, not doubting, and lean across a century to take her hand.

S. G. Tallentyre.

THE GRAND MATCH.

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was gray-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth' an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *trancen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likeller match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a thrifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gould to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,—
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure, many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Moirá O'Neill.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"My good cousin, I can do nothing for a proscribed Girondin: you may think yourself lucky to have kept your head on your shoulders, unlike your master Vergniaud. Be off while you can, before you are caught."

"And how am I to get out of Strassburg?" I said, remembering bitterly the days when my cousin St. Just made my father's house his home.

"True—you may be watched and laid hold of. Well, I can do this for you. We want a messenger to take round the last decree of the Convention, closing the churches and deposing the priests, to the mountain villages in the Vosges. The man whose duty it is has fallen sick, or so he says—I expect he is afraid of the peasants. If you take his place, it will frank you out of the city, and once in the mountains, I advise you to stay there, and let no one know you are Charles Chapelain."

Thus it was that within a month after poor Vergniaud's execution, I, formerly his secretary, was tolling up the mountain road towards the Ban de la Roche—almost the last valley on my list. I had taken my message to various mountain villages, where the curé of the place had received my intelligence sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears and prayers, as though I, whose own neck was in peril, could help or hinder the work of the Convention. At the last drinking-shop where I paused to fortify myself against the cold with a glass of *eau-de-vie*, the superstitious clowns had got word of my mission and driven me out, and a boy had followed me along the snowy road with a parting stone or two. Evening was closing above the snow-clad hills, gray and dreary, and my heart was as desolate and dreary as

the weather. I began to doubt whether the life of a fugitive and a vagabond was preferable to the guillotine itself.

At last a woodman came down a steep path to my right with a bundle of wood on his back. I accosted him to ask my road.

"To Waldbach, sir?" he said, doffing his cap in quite a courtly manner. "Permit me to show you the way. Doubtless you are one of Papa Oberlin's visitors."

"No," I said, somewhat surprised that he spoke intelligible French instead of mountain *patois*, "I came on the business of the Republic. But who is Papa Oberlin? Your priest?"

"No, not our priest, our pastor. We are Protestants, we others in the Ban de la Roche; though Papa Oberlin does not like the word: he says it divides us from our neighbors, and calls himself an Evangelical Catholic. As for names, what care I? I only know I am of Papa Oberlin's religion, that is all."

And as we went on our way, he proceeded to tell me many things, all of which were to the credit of Papa Oberlin. Papa Oberlin had insisted on their making the roads, and had helped with his own hands to build the bridge over the foaming Bruche; he had started schools in all the hamlets of the valley; he had sent the young men to Strassburg to be taught to be carpenters and wheelwrights and blacksmiths, so that they could get their tools made and repaired in their own valleys; he had made them plant potatoes and fruit-trees, and started spinning-wheels in every cottage, so that the women now spun for a Strassburg factory, and earned as much as a thousand lous in the winter, when all used to be idleness and starvation.

"But this Papa Oberlin of yours must be a magician!" I said, willing to play off the clown's country superstitions.

"Yes, sir, that he is," said my friend. "Not a black wizard, look you, but a holy man who prays and talks with angels. For his wife died ten years ago, and when he walks along the road he sees her and talks to her still; and they say she comes to him in the night and gives him counsel what he had better do. And in his study he has a great board painted black, and on it he writes the names of all those in the village who are in need body or soul, that he may pray for them. I went to see him when my wife was ill, and he took a bit of chalk and chalked up my name there. 'Now I shall pray for you and Manette,' said he; and I doubt not he did, and that for his prayers my wife recovered. And as for his medicines—I can remember when you had to go and get a charm from a witch to cure you of the fever; but he just took me up the mountain to a place where the gentians grew, and bade me pick them and brew them thrice a day and drink. He knows every herb on the hills, and whether it harms or heals."

In such talk we came to a place where two roads parted, and I went on my way, wondering much how this Papa Oberlin would take the orders I had to bring. When I came near Waldbach, out of a little cottage issued a short, sturdy little man in black breeches, gray stockings, an old black coat, green and shiny with age, and a cocked hat. When he saw me he advanced towards me and bowed so low that his hat well-nigh swept the ground. His weatherbeaten face was vivacious and animated, and his long hair, already gray, reached below his collar.

"It is bad travelling in this weather, sir," said he, after we had given and

received salutation. "You come to visit one of my people?"

"No, citizen," I replied, calling up my most Republican form of address; "I come on public business from Citizen St. Just at Strassburg. I have to inquire for the person of most weight in the village—not being the curé or pastor—and to deliver to him the latest decree of the Convention. May I ask the citizen to whom I should carry my message?"

"To Sebastian Scheldecker, sir. He it is who lives in yonder house with the gable showing between the trees; he unites in one the functions of medicine and instruction of youth. He will be happy to welcome one who represents to us our glorious and well-beloved Republic, which God preserve!"

There was so much enthusiasm in the man's voice as he uttered the name of the Republic that I felt cheered at the thought that here at least I should not find one who was unwilling and incapable of entering into the great ideas of the Revolution, like some of the worthy priests in the valleys I had left. He conducted me to Citizen Scheldecker's house, a wooden cottage with small windows and a steep roof with projecting eaves like the rest, and we entered and found the citizen looking over a pile of copy-books, while his wife, in the close cap worn by all Alsace women, was boiling cabbage for the children's supper. Scheldecker took us out of his kitchen into his other room, which was spotless, but very cold, and which was chiefly occupied by his best bed. I unfolded my paper and read out the decree of the Convention, commanding that all places of religious worship should be closed throughout France. As I did so, Oberlin and Scheldecker looked at one another. It was difficult to say which looked the more dismayed. The Vosges folk do not show their feelings quite

so plainly as we more mercurial Parisians; nevertheless, when I read out the decree, both groaned deeply. Scheidecker said, "Our poor souls!" and Oberlin said, "Our poor country!" Then there was a pause, and both sat still, considering.

"Then we shall have no service on Sunday? Surely the Republic might grant us one Sunday more," said Scheidecker at last, looking up to Oberlin.

"The Republic makes no exceptions," I said. "And, citizens, if you will permit me to advise you, I would not utter any remarks, such as you might be disposed to make in the heat of the moment, which being overheard might be construed as disloyalty to the Republic."

"Sir," said Oberlin, "not one can accuse us, of the Ban de la Roche, of disloyalty to the Republic!"

Yet I saw his hands twitching as he grasped his stout walking stick, and I felt that Hébert might have a bad time of it if he came in his way. When he reached the door, however, he turned round and spoke gently enough.

"Sir," he said, "you have but done your duty as the servant of the Republic, and I shall be happy to see you at supper this evening. Scheidecker, you will advise with this gentleman as to a bed?"

And with a sweeping bow he went out, while Scheidecker consulted his wife as to where I should lie that night.

Oberlin's fare was not luxurious, though, as I afterwards learnt, it was added to in my honor. Besides his children and servants, ten or twelve guests were present at the board; we supped on vegetable soup and white bread; black bread would have been the meal but for Oberlin's hospitality to me. Among the guests was a very charming young lady called Mademoiselle Thérèse, respecting whom I may

some day have a little story to tell. No guests were called here by any but their Christian names, and in those days many were almost as much afraid of learning another man's previous history as of telling their own. We sat side by side at the meal, but kept our own counsel. I gave my name as Citizen Charles only.

Oberlin did not mention the decree of the Convention or the policy of the Revolution. He was a good talker, and he kept the conversation in hand, first talking of botany, and of the medicinal qualities of the common plants of the country, such as the arnica which grows about those mountains, and then describing to us the mystical properties of colors, and how he always knew a person's character after he had led him up to a chart which hung in his room representing variously colored stones, and telling him to choose the one which he admired the most. When he talked he was bright enough, but when he did not talk he looked sad and anxious. After supper he dismissed us.

"It is earlier than we usually part," he said, simply, "but I have much to pray about to-night."

The hostess to whom Scheidecker introduced me proved to be so clean and civil that I determined to take up my abode with her for the present. Tuesday was the day on which I arrived at Waldbach, and on the following Friday I perceived all the men, in their best clothes, hastening over the sunlit snow towards Scheidecker's house. Oberlin, I was told, had called a meeting of the inhabitants of the village at twelve o'clock. As there was no work going on it was a pleasant excitement for them to obey the call; and finding that the meeting was free I went there too, to find out how this Christian Republican would act in circumstances which must to him prove so confounding.

The room, which was schoolhouse, as well as living-room of the family, to save firing in the winter, was crammed so that I could only stand in the doorway. Oberlin stood on the raised *estrade*; his face had lost its sadness, and looked serene and slightly humorous. When he began to speak I observed that he had a very fine voice, with deep and sweet tones in it.

"My friends," he said, "you have heard of the orders that have come down from Paris—from the Government of which Monsieur Citizen Robespierre is the head. I need not say that they have grieved you as they have grieved me; but we have not met here to discuss our feelings, but to take measures as to what has to be done next. Things stand thus: I, with all ministers of religion throughout France, have been forbidden to exercise any ministerial function, and you have been forbidden to assemble yourselves together in church. You all fully understand this?"

A murmur of sighing assent ran through the room.

"But we have received orders to do some other things, which we will now endeavor to carry out. First of all, we must appoint a president for our commune. I propose our friend, Sebastian Scheldecker."

"Papa Oberlin, Papa Oberlin!" said the rough mountain voices, but Oberlin smilingly shook his head.

"No, my friends, I decline this post, and I beg you out of friendship to me to appoint our good friend Sebastian to the office. I have good reasons, believe me." Accordingly, Scheldecker was elected president by acclamation, and Oberlin went on: "The Government orders further that the president should appoint an orator who is on certain days to make orations to the people of each commune on subjects decided by the Government. Mr. Presi-

dent, may I suggest that you should now name the orator whom you appoint?"

"I name," said Scheldecker, "M. Oberlin as the best orator in this place, and I expect that every citizen here will agree with me." At this there was a roar of applause, and the men began to catch an inkling of the meaning of all this, and nudged each other's ribs with nods and knowing smiles. Oberlin went on gravely: "In order to pronounce an oration we must have a place to hold the hearers. This room is already full, though no women are present, and it would be unfair to exclude women from the benefits devised by the Government. There is no room large enough at the Presbytery, and certainly none in the other houses of the village. It appears to me that the best meeting-place would be in the building we used to call the church." Here there was an immense scraping of *sabots* on the stone floor. "Now," said Oberlin, "we have to fix the day of meeting. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday many of you go to the Strassburg market; on Tuesday the women are washing and would not be able to come; on Thursday the children have a holiday, and of that holiday it would be wrong to deprive them; on Saturday work has to be finished up to be taken to the factory. It appears to me that no day would be so convenient as the day we used to call Sunday. Does this approve itself to you? Supposing we hold the oration on the day formerly called Sunday, at nine o'clock in the morning, the hour which we used to find most convenient for divine service, in the building formerly called the church?"

The meeting dispersed, looking much more cheerful than on its arrival, and on the Sunday following every one in the village mustered at the church door. Oberlin came from his house ar-

rayed in black gown and bands; he unlocked the church door, and the congregation trooped in and sat down in their accustomed benches. Oberlin stood in the middle of the church, and publicly took off his gown and bands, which his housekeeper, Louise, received from him and folded up with great care.

"My friends," he said, "it is for you to decide from what part of the building I shall speak the oration."

"From the pulpit, from the pulpit, of course," they replied; and Oberlin ascended the pulpit, and looked round upon the congregation with a grave face, yet with humor twinkling in the corner of his eye.

"Citizens," he said, "according to the decree of the Government, I have to speak to you against tyrants, and to suggest to you the best means for ending their power. This is what I propose to do to-day. Now we, in our quiet village, have none of the tyrants of whom we read in history, and I will not, therefore, speak to you about them; but I will, instead, speak to you of some very terrible tyrants whom we may find among us, and even enthroned in our own hearts. These tyrants are avarice, impurity, hatred, malice, impiety, and selfishness. I intend to speak to you of these tyrants, and of the one and only means of destroying their power—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." And having arrived at this point, Oberlin proceeded to preach an admirable sermon, which only differed from any other sermon in that he addressed his hearers as "My dear citizens" instead of "My dear brethren"—that is, when he thought of it in time.

After the sermon, he said, "Now, citizens, we will sing together some national melody with suitable words. The words will be found in the psalm-book. Let us sing Psalm xv."

The psalm was sung, and the congrega-

tion departed. I went out with them, in order to hear their remarks.

"We had the sermon and the hymn, but no prayer," said some one as we came out.

"No, we are going to have the prayer now, at Scheldecker's, and Louise is going to hold a prayer meeting for the women at the Presbytery, and on another Sunday, Legrand will pray at Scheldecker's, and the Papa will pray with the women."

"Why that old Republic could not have let us alone passes my understanding. And the Papa always spoke of it as so good and glorious."

"He says the Republic is one thing, and the men who form the Government are another."

And then one of the speakers saw that I was listening, and nudged his neighbor for silence; and I saw that even here among the mountains caution and suspicion had crept into the minds of the mountain folk.

Some one came behind me, and took my arm. It was Oberlin himself.

"Citizen, when you return to Strassburg, you will at least report that all that we have done in to-day's business was done in strict obedience to the letter of the law," said he.

"Sir," I said, "I shall not return to Strassburg. I am a proscribed Girondin, and I have been warned to lie hid among the mountains if I desire to keep my head upon my shoulders. If you do not fear the presence of a fugitive here, I should like to make Waldbach my hiding-place."

"You are not the first," said Oberlin, smiling. "All the guests with whom you have dined and supped since you have been in the valley are in the same condition as yourself. You are very welcome to the hospitality of our village."

"Then you do not fear informers?" I said.

"Nay," said Oberlin; "the only in-

Some Women Poets.

former that we fear is the Recording
Angel, who might cause the blessed
Saviour one day to say, 'I was a

stranger, and ye took me not in.' Stay
with us."
And I stayed.

The Sunday Magazine.

M. Bramston.

SOME WOMEN POETS.*

Human nature hungers after the concrete. It is this hunger which reduces religions to creeds, which credits the more tangible things of life with the more positive existence, which confines truth to facts, which demands the biographies of well known men and women. It is not suggested that the desire after concrete presentment implies indifference to the reality which lies behind appearance; on the contrary, it is in the effort to touch that reality that men demand some manifestation of it which they may grasp with their senses or understand with their reason. Consciously or unconsciously, they seek, in the shadows, substance; in the creeds, religion; in the illustrations of truth, the truth itself; and, in the actions, the likes and dislikes, the idiosyncrasies of their fellows, the personality which is the most definite, yet the most indefinable, the most elusive and the most essential, part of each one of us. There is a faculty which can best be described, perhaps, as intuitive insight; it helps to form what is called tact, it is an integral part of sympathy, by means of it much unspoken interchange of thought and emotion is carried on. This is the faculty which, common to the majority of people, keen only in the minority, enables us to apprehend most distinctly that subtle essence of

another's being which we term personality; but just because that essence is a subtle thing, and just because the surest means of touching it is an impalpable means, we desire of the one an obvious manifestation, we substitute for the other a collection of facts and acts, of circumstances and surroundings, of habits and the details of personal appearance. The desire is legitimate, the method of its pursuit serviceable; that the one should be unattainable, the other inadequate, is due to the limitations of translation; limitations inevitable, whether we mean by translation the rendering of one language into another, of thought into speech, or of invisible realities into visible form. But there are degrees of limitation, as there are diversities of method; and the first step towards understanding the personality of another being is to find out in what way that personality manifests itself most clearly and most accurately; in other words, to choose the method which, considered in its relation to a particular person, is subject to the fewest limitations.

Biography is the most widely accepted means of revealing personality, and in a large number of cases it is the only one; for that intuitive faculty spoken of above is robbed of its value, owing to the fact that it is limited in its operation to the comparatively few who come into contact with those men and women whom the multitude elects to know, to criticise, or to imitate.

* 1. *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. Two Vols. London, 1897.

2. *Christina Rossetti, a Critical and Biographical Study*. By Mackenzie Bell. 1898.

Biography, then, the record of a man's daily life and work, the results of what he does or writes or paints—these are the only means of learning what he is, or has been, open to the world at large; and of these, biography is the one almost universally chosen. In the case of men and women of action, the choice is a just one, for their work lies in what they do; they express themselves in deeds; their influence over their fellows, the good or evil they bring about, the fame they achieve, are the results of acts; their lives are lives of incident, of movement, form part of history, march with and by events. Biography, therefore, records what is most interesting in such lives; autobiography, set forth in reminiscences or letters, throws light on the motives which prompt action, and on the habitual tone of mind and bent of character of the man who leads or controls his fellows; and the two together form a fairly adequate means of reaching a conception of personalities which reveal themselves in acts.

But there are other lives, lived often in obscurity, lacking in outward incident, interest, or variety. Such lives have been lived by people who influence the whole world; people who make, not history, but the spirit which directs the course of it, who create, if not heroes, a standard of heroism, who live, not in deeds, but in ideas; the pioneers, if not the leaders of men; the thinkers, philosophers, painters, musicians, poets. They live in ideas, not deeds; they are thinkers; the very statement implies that the way to understand them is not the way of biography, the record of daily life, of acts, of outward appearance: for in their work, the achievements which survive them, is to be found their only adequate expression; in their writings, pictures, songs, is their truest life, their most vivid experience. Not that one would deny to biography its obvi-

ous merits, uses, and advantages; an account of the surroundings and circumstances of a life may, and undoubtedly often does, help towards a right understanding of an artist's work, a just appreciation of its intention; but, whereas the men and women of action live most truly and forcibly in their acts, the artist and the thinker find their truest existence in that inward mental life, which, in each one of us, runs side by side with the outer life, dominating or subordinate to it, according to the temperament, the inherent selfhood of each individual. Biography is far from useless, is in no case to be despised, as a means of becoming acquainted with the personality of a singer or a seer; but it is inadequate; taken by itself, it may be misleading; for it is to the works of the seer or the singer that we must go for the gist and meaning of lives which come to their own most completely in and through the world of inner consciousness. Autobiography is a means of knowing and estimating personality midway in importance between biography on the one side, and the expression of itself by its works, by what it does, creates, or formulates, on the other; midway in this, that it is more direct than the first, and less spontaneous, because more conscious, than the second. The most spontaneous form of autobiography is the form of letters; but letters, again, may be either a mirror or a curtain; they may illuminate biography and explain achievement, or they may be at variance with the significance of both.

"The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" and the "Life of Christina Rossetti" illustrate these theories. Mrs. Browning's correspondence is a faithful record of her life; a life rich, not so much in incidents as in impressions and emotions; for though she lived at the time and on the scene of a great political drama, her part was the

part of an onlooker; she was not amongst the actors, but in the audience; her enthusiasm, her passionate interest, were born, not of personal issues at stake, but of intense sympathy with the aims of a people she loved, and of hero-worship of a man to whose character she yielded unquestioning admiration, and in whose policy she put unswerving faith. If the mere events of her life were chronicled, the chronicle would be but a scanty one. The earlier part of that life was passed in a restricted atmosphere; bodily weakness made her for many years almost a prisoner, limiting her intercourse with her fellows, save by means of correspondence, to the narrow circle of her own family and a very few friends; and later on, when the romance of her courtship and marriage was past, and her husband led her out into a wider world, her lot was cast, for the most part, in the pleasant plains of happiness, untouched by adventures, picturesque or terrible, unbroken by dramatic incident or unusual experiences. Such a life as hers, lived by an ordinary woman, would be indistinguishable from the multitude of ordinary lives; but Mrs. Browning was not an ordinary woman; and it is her self, her qualities of heart and brain, which lift her existence above the monotony of the commonplace, and give it interest, variety, and individuality. It is true that she had opportunities of intercourse with many of the most remarkable characters and intellects of her day; but, allowing that some of those opportunities were due to her husband's position, some were also, and some altogether, due to her own achievements; and the results she won from them, the friendships she formed, the interests she accumulated, were owing to her own talents, her own charm, her own personality. That personality was essentially feminine; womanly, too; and the terms are

not synonymous, nor are the qualities indicated by them always found in combination; for womanliness implies a certain strength, whereas femininity may exist with or without strength; the latter is foreign to virility, while the former may be virile, and yet distinctively characteristic of a woman's nature and point of view. Mrs. Browning's poetry is, in a very marked degree, the expression of herself, the outcome of her individual opinions, emotions, tastes, beliefs, and hopes. Her personality as represented in her letters is identical with that revealed in her poems; her mental development records itself in both; her weakness and her strength proclaim themselves alike in the easy, conversational prose and in the sometimes faulty, always sincere, generally impulsive verse. But the letters reflect the outer daily life, its trivial incidents, its joys and sorrows, humor and pathos; while in the poems is contained her view of life as a whole, the end and aims of it, her conception of its meaning, its bearing upon her inmost intellectual self, the significance which her spirit read in or into it. The two records are in harmony, the letters supplementing the poems and showing the woman chiefly in her womanhood, while the works reveal the poet; for in Mrs. Browning the woman and the poet were rarely far away the one from the other, and were never wholly parted.

Not so with Christina Rossetti. The woman breathes low in her writings; if she raises her voice, it is in the character of a saint or a mystic. There is a certain aloofness in her poetry; the emotion in it is of a more abstract character than that which utters itself—sometimes, indeed, with too shrill a note—in the poems of Mrs. Browning. It is as though, when in the mood to sing, she betook herself to some far-off domain, in the world, perhaps, yet not quite of it, where the passions of

the world, though strong, are not stormy, where emotion, though it possess the singer, may not master her. In her life, as recorded by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, we look in vain for traces of the poet soul which dominates her published works. The biographical part of the book is an account of trivial doings and sayings, interspersed with scant quotations from unremarkable letters, the whole conveying the impression of a woman who might be somewhat of a prig, very much of a devotee, not noticeably individual in character or gifted in mind; conscientious, loving and sincere, to the same extent as many other good women, but not in any unusual degree original, thoughtful, or imaginative. One turns from this unsatisfying narration of her surface life, from the scraps of correspondence, behind which her personality lurks blurred and indefinite, to the poetry wherein her spirit, free and unconstrained, declares itself with no uncertain sound, but with a note individual, distinct, and sublimely simple. Such a personality, marked and impressive to those who came into direct contact with it, expressed itself but faintly in acts which can be recorded; and letters were obviously not to Christina Rossetti, as to Mrs. Browning, a vehicle of spontaneous expression. One feels, in reading them, as though they must have been more of a task than a pleasure to her; they contain here and there a few opinions, but they have no distinctive atmosphere; they breathe of letter-writing, not of a particular writer of letters.

But the poems show her very self, restrained, direct and sincere. The outer life, as pictured in the biography, gives an impression of monotony, of being bound down to the level of the commonplace; but there is nothing commonplace or monotonous in the poems. Quaint, often, in diction, ap-

proaching occasionally to colloquialism in phrase, the touch is always sure and distinctive, the language, though child-like sometimes, is never trivial. Take, for example, these two stanzas from "Bird or Beast:"—

Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge
Into the thorny thistly world
Out from Eden's edge?

I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such;
But an innocent, loving lamb
May have done as much.

The last stanza, especially, is well-nigh prosaic, both in rhythm and in the choice of words, and just misses, in fact, being ridiculous; yet it is poetry, not prose, and, though almost fantastic in its extreme simplicity, is not absurd. Few writers could have rendered so quaint a fancy so quaintly, but Christina Rossetti's poems contain many instances of the kind; and so strongly characteristic are they of her individuality that one is tempted to advance the seeming paradox that it is in her least personal poems, those in which symbolism and allegory predominate, that we get the truest presentment of her personality. For the purely devotional writings, outcome as they are of an elementary part of her nature, are, to a great extent, the expression of that one part only, and lack the peculiar quality which is the hall-mark of her veritable self. They are poetical, but the poetry is less inevitable in them than the religious feeling; the soul of the poet is dominated by the heart of the saint. The statement again sounds paradoxical, inasmuch as the soul is generally credited with qualities more spiritual than those assigned to the heart; but the spirit of Christina Rossetti had a wider vision, understanding, and sympathy than could be contained within the limits of definite religious feeling or a

conscious creed; and the poet's perception, apprehending intuitively the spiritual element and import in much not commonly associated with religion, was more inherently part of herself than the devotional consciousness which both animated and controlled her heart. Nevertheless, some of her religious poems rank amongst the finest in the language; but their merit seems almost in inverse proportion to their purely devotional feeling; that is to say, that those in which the poet's fancy proclaims itself in quaint conceits and imagery—bringing to the reader's mind that foremost master of sacred verse, George Herbert—have greater strength and greater distinction than those in which the saintly impulse gives utterance to the emotions of the sinner. Yet there are exceptions; for instance, the fine appeal by Christ to a human soul, entitled "The Love of Christ which passeth Knowledge"—verses which, devoid of imagery and direct in phrase, are instinct with a dignity, restraint, and pathos which stamp them as a masterpiece. The metre is in singular accord with the spirit of the poem. Listen to the first few lines of it:—

I bore with thee long, weary days and
nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through
many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, cold-
ness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Reproach lies in the cadences, but reproach waited on by tenderness; form and substance are mated here with complete felicity. Then there are the poems which, though not classed by their writer amongst the devotional pieces, are still religious in sentiment. Such are "Amor Mundi" and "Up-Hill," and such, though in a lesser degree, is "Twice." "Up-Hill" is a fine example of that extreme directness of

utterance peculiarly characteristic of its author, and by means of which she produces some of her finest effects; a directness entirely unaffected and unstudied, the natural expression of a nature child-like in its simplicity. It would be interesting to know how far her Italian origin bore upon her mental constitution; but it would seem certain that, while her brother, Dante Gabriel, drew from the land of his ancestry a lavishness of warmth and color, a wealth of diction and idiom, typical of the South, Christina's heritage lay chiefly in the direction of that unfaltering completeness of imagination which made the unseen worlds of Dante into realities, not only for himself, but for his readers. An unhesitating capacity for make-believe is a necessary quality in such an imagination, a capacity common to children and to poets; for to the poet or the child the thing which he imagines is, whether his conception be founded on tangible objects which he transforms at will, or grow out of "airy nothings." This quality was strong in Christina Rossetti; her conceptions were never blurred, nor her thoughts indeterminate; the mental images in which they clothed themselves were vivid to her vision, and their embodiment in words was the congruous outward presentment of the inward ideas.

Besides this simplicity of conception and expression, one is conscious of a certain austerity in the writer, which opposes exaggeration of emotion or language, and which, though her fancy may exercise itself in symbolism or imagery, forbids floweriness of speech. To this austerity, touched here and there by asceticism, is due, perhaps, the absence of sentimentality from her poetical utterances; she may be slightly morbid now and again, she is constantly romantic, but she is never sentimental. And the more human, the more what is called secular, the char-

acter of her verses, the more pronounced is the austerity. She wrote many love poems, many poems of sorrow and of parting; but in none is the joy delirious, the passion vehement, or the sorrow desperate; yet the controlled atmosphere of them is due not to paucity of feeling, but to plenitude of restraint; somewhat, too, to that aloofness of attitude spoken of above, which seems, in a sense, to lift her out of the tumult of the world and set her on a remoter plane; the plane, it may be, of veritable art. The inference would be logical, for Christina Rossetti was as eminently an artist as she was emphatically a poet; instinctively and unconsciously an artist, as is shown by the fact that her style, though peculiarly her own, is free from mannerisms. And, being a poet, she revealed herself most surely in those poems which are the direct outcome of the poet's involuntary attitude, not in the writings colored by personal feeling. It is commonly taken for granted that it is to the autobiographical touches in the works of a writer that we must look for indications of himself. Limited to the term *indications*, the theory may hold good; by such means tendencies and tastes may declare themselves; circumstances and conditions may be hinted at or described; all the details, in fact, which a friend might relate about a man may be set down, more or less accurately, more or less openly, in what are called personal references; but it is in the more poetical part of a poet's work that his essential self more positively reveals itself; it is his most impersonal, his most abstract utterances which bear the true stamp of his innermost personality; and the greater the poet the more emphatically is this the case. In dealing with women poets, this consideration is doubly important; for women, as a rule, have a tendency to put more of what is

called personal feeling into their writings than men; their creative mental life is less distinct from the outer practical one than is the case with men, as is evidenced from the fact that it is rare to find the spirit of a woman's work and her conduct in complete antagonism, while with men poets, painters, and artists of all kinds, the phenomenon is a frequent one. The reason is that a woman's personality dominates and permeates her character to a greater degree than does a man's; and, if we separate character from personality, of which it is but a part, and not the whole—is, indeed, in a sense, but one of the mediums for the expression of personality—we shall understand why characteristic tendencies and feelings appear more frequently and more pronouncedly in women's writings than in men's: that is to say, that, to the extent to which personality pervades character, will a writer's characteristic opinions and attitude appear in his writings; whereas, the more distinct is the inner from the outer life, the less does the autobiographical element enter into his work. Yet, in the latter case, the more distinctive will that work be, the more positive will be the impress upon it of the inward spirit of the man, his ultimate personality. With the greatest poets this is demonstrably so. Who could tell from his writings whether Shakespeare, in his daily life, was a sad man or a sorry one; what his circumstances were, or his opinions; whether the world went well or ill with him? And this is the case apart from his dramatic writing; his poems throw as little light upon his surface character and existence as his plays do, while both bear the impress of a spirit unique and consistent; his personality is manifest, though what would be called his personal characteristics remain in obscurity.

Christina Rossetti is a woman poet

whose finest work is uncolored by her individual experiences or opinions; and in this, that her poems express her abstract spiritual self, lies her greatest distinction. This it is which gives her a higher place in the poets' kingdom than can be accorded to Mrs. Browning, whose work, larger in volume, greater in scope, more intellectually thoughtful than that of her sister poet, has yet less originality of imagination, and is lacking also in beauty of form, the sense of which was a never-falling element in all that Miss Rossetti put forth. For in Mrs. Browning, as the woman is never quite submerged in the artist, so the imaginative idea is constantly colored by the emotional impulse. In her longest poem, "Aurora Leigh," we are conscious throughout of the author's point of view. Elizabeth Barrett Browning speaks in the person of her heroine, acts as she would have acted had she been a man in the position of Romney Leigh, feels as she would have felt had she suffered the wrong suffered by Marian Earle. And her attitude towards the problems with which she deals is not dramatically negative, but clearly manifest; it is emphatically the attitude of the generous woman who, beginning to reflect upon certain facts and inequalities of social life, is stirred to emotion, keen, indignant, and somewhat sentimental, and who is deliberately defiant of the conventional standard of propriety of her day. Mrs. Browning felt passionately, and the passionate emotion characteristic of herself and evident in her letters is characteristic also of her best work, forming at once its greatest strength and the chief element of its weakness. For intensity of emotion may find full expression only when the treatment of it is dramatic; when it is lyrical—and Mrs. Browning's poetry is generally lyrical in spirit, though it is various in form—emotion, if it be not

bound fast to dignity by the strong bands of artistic restraint, tends to become exaggerated. This exaggeration of sentiment into sentimentalism mars with its weakness much of what the poet made; but in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" the woman and the poet would seem to be fused in a combination which, in the result, has the effect of an abstract personality. The woman's emotion is present, indeed, and strongly; but it is, on the whole, so controlled by reverence of that which inspires it, that its flow, though full and free, is measured, its expression, though impulsive, is dignified by that purity of utterance, exempt from mannerisms, which results from nobility of feeling made shapely by definiteness of thought. Emotion here is subject to law, the law of restraint, and, rising above sensation, becomes exalted, ordered, and serene.

What I do

And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes.

This is a fine idea, made finely palpable; and the whole series of sonnets is rich in quotable lines, in striking thoughts and apt expressions. Written out of the heart of a woman to the man she loved, the poet's soul informs them, raising love from "an emotion to a motive," changing it from a fire that burns to a light that illumines, subduing the wail of desire to the chant of endurance. We seem to hear in these sonnets something of the same note which distinguishes the love poems of Christina Rossetti, a note which forbids tumult and defeats despair, a joy in love which is concerned, not with the fulfilment of its cravings, but with the realization of its finest capacities. Yet, in these two lovers of Italy, the one with the Italian blood in her veins preserves the

greater austerity; the South maintains more constant restraint than the North. Christina Rossetti's work, indeed, is instinct with the quality, not critical so much as clear-sighted, which intuitively discerns and inevitably complies with the requirements of the three graces of creative achievement: proportion, treatment and form. It is rare, this gift of discernment, especially rare amongst women, whose creative work, as a rule, is the outcome of something which they have strongly felt or thought or realized, and as strongly desire to express, the desire for expression being constantly in excess of the sense of form.

This impulse to give voice to the workings of heart and brain is particularly noteworthy and interesting, taken together with the consideration that this century is the first in which women have become articulate. We do not mean to assert, it need hardly be said, that never till within the last hundred years have women expressed themselves in any form of art or literature: instances would at once arise in one's thought and confute the assertion. But never till now have women as a body made themselves audible to the world at large. The fact gives rise to three considerations. The first has been already suggested: it deals with the note of sincerity in women's work, rooted in this, that they write because they have something to say; the second is that women, writing about themselves, give a different impression of womanhood from that which has been created in the presentment of it by men; the third is that women have begun to speak in a day of subtle reasoning and complex emotions.

Taking the first reflection, that women poets have, as a rule, something to say, one may venture to assert that sincerity, as it is the prevailing characteristic of their writings, is also its chief merit. More egotistical in their

subject-matter than men, more concrete in the manner and substance of their thought, more impulsively emotional, it is rare to find a woman poet who has not some message to declare, some conviction to lay down or emotion to vent; some distinct thing to say, if not about the world she lives in, then about herself. The men minor poets of the day would seem to spend themselves chiefly in the effort to attain perfection of form. Volume after volume comes forth, graceful and more than graceful; verse delicate and melodious, various in theme, modern in touch; and the reader, carried onward by the melody and the merit of it, does not realize, till the book is closed and the music is still, that the substance is thin, the thought conventional, and that there is little suggestive, stirring, alive, behind the dainty utterance, the carefully modelled form. Not that the writers of the kind referred to are limited in their range of subjects. Nay, very far afield do they often go for the substance of their song; so that much that in former days was accounted common or unclean is now gathered, as it were, into a sheet of art, let down by the four corners into our intellectual midst, and presented to us as fitting food for our mental, artistic, and spiritual cravings. Far be it from us to quarrel with what might be termed the democratic tendency in artistic intention; nothing in human nature, and no manifestation of it, can or should lie without the pale of the artist's kingdom; subject, be it said, to the artistic sense which determines selection and treatment. Whether that artistic sense is always evident in the works of the modern minor poet is not our present consideration; we are concerned only to note whether there be any differences in the poetry put forth by men and women, and, if so, to note those differences, and to trace the sources from which they spring.

A perfectly definite conclusion on the subject is, perhaps, hardly possible; but, without laying down too dogmatic a statement, it would seem on the whole as if women were chiefly concerned with what they have to say, whereas the growing tendency amongst their brothers is to say something particularly well. One might imagine a man poet looking round upon his world and thinking: Where shall I find a subject whereon to expend my poet's art? Surely such and such an aspect of life, such and such a trait in human nature, such and such a train of thought, would work out into a fine poem. A woman, on the other hand, would appear first to have been swayed by some emotion or conviction, and then to have set herself to give it forth in words, the rendering of it into concrete form being the primary consideration, the form itself but of secondary importance. In the finest works of the finest poets, this kind of analysis is necessarily impossible; form and substance go hand in hand; the seer sees and the

poet speaks; and the world sooner or later accepts the truth of his conception, feels the beauty of its presentment. But, leaving aside the masters, the tendencies in the various schools of their followers are a real source of interest; and the fact that sincerity is a prominent characteristic of woman's poetry is noteworthy when taken in conjunction with the additional fact that it is but comparatively recently that women have spoken at all. Without committing the obvious absurdity of confining sincerity to the writings of women, it may nevertheless be contended that the lack of it is frequently apparent in the poetry recently produced by men; but the contention does not necessarily imply inherent differences in the mental constitution or artistic consciousness of men and women, but merely suggests that while the lack of sincerity is a sure sign of decadence, its presence may be an inevitable feature in the first period of artistic development.

The Quarterly Review.

(To be concluded.)

CHORUS OF THE DEAD.

We Dead, yea we Dead, greater armies we be
 Than you on the land and than you on the sea!
 With actions we patiently ploughed the earth's plain,
 Where you wield the sickle and garner the grain;
 And all we completed and all we've begun
 Still feeds yonder fountains that flash in the sun;
 And lo, all our love and our hatred and pain
 Still pulses and throbs in each live mortal vein;
 And what we laid down erst, as valid and right,
 Still binds mortal men with immutable might:
 And what we have fashioned and wrought in those days
 Has gained us our crown of unperishing bays;
 Still ever pursuing and striving are we—
 So honor us nobly! For many we be!

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer.

A DAY WITH THE DERVISHES.

"I have a favor to ask of your Highness."

The person thus addressed is a moon-faced Persian in white turban and cinamon-colored robes, reclining on a divan, fingering a string of amber beads. Both his dress and his manners denote that he is a person of importance. Such, indeed, is the case. Haji Sheykh Ali (so we will call him) is a prince, being a cousin—Allah only knows how many times removed—of the Cynosure of the Universe, Nasr-ed-din Shah. He is, moreover, a very learned man, a great Arabic scholar. When he holds forth from the *mimbâr* of the little Persian mosque, of which he is the chief *Imâm*, the congregation, listening with rapt attention, pronounces his discourse to be as sweet as sugar. In his double quality of prince and priest (it is only in theory that Islâm has not a priesthood) Haji Sheykh Ali accepts as his due the adulation of the small Persian community in Stamboul. This great personage lives in a red wooden house of the dimensions of a doll's, not far from the big bazar. Every time one goes in or out of that diminutive abode one thinks of Alice in Wonderland, for the problem of how to get in, and, once in, how to get out, seems to require some magic medium for its solution. Despite his vanity, Haji Sheykh Ali is what schoolboys and middies call "not half a bad sort." In answer to my request he smiles graciously, and, taking a pinch of snuff so as to display a very fine diamond ring on his little finger, begs to know in what way he can oblige me.

"My friend Mahmoud Bey tells me that you and he have been planning a visit to some of the *tekkiés* of the Turkish dervishes. Like most people, I

have seen the Mevlevi (Turning) and Rufa'ee (Howling) Dervishes, but I should be glad to see the ceremonies of some of the other orders. Would you allow me to be of your party?"

"I don't think there can be any difficulty about that," says the Prince, turning to his companion, a rather sour-faced Persian, whose green turban denotes that he is a *Seyyid*.

The *Seyyid* bows and murmurs assent. Probably in his heart of hearts he detests me as an unclean creature, but he is a sycophant of the Prince. "There may possibly be some places in which you will have to look on or listen from outside. As far as I am concerned, I shall be delighted to have your company."

So it is settled that next day about eleven o'clock we should meet at the Prince's house.

Accordingly, next morning Mahmoud Bey and myself struggle edgewise up the narrow staircase and into the tiny sitting-room of Haji Sheykh Ali. The room is full. At one end of the divan lolls his Highness. Two of the principal Persian merchants from the neighboring *khan* with their Armenian broker, a pilgrim from Tabriz on his way to Mecca, Mahmoud Bey and myself occupy chairs wedged tight together round the room. At the other end of the divan the *Seyyid* is engaged in rolling a clean turban for his patron. A servant comes and goes with tiny glasses of tea poisoned with sugar. Conversation is carried on mainly in the uncouth Turkish spoken in Northern Persia, the merchants and the pilgrim being from the province of Azarbaidjân. As I only understand two or three words of this dialect, I am driven to devote my attention to the operations of the *Seyyid*. The

winding of a turban is an art analogous to, but infinitely more difficult than the folding of an umbrella. The *Seyyid*, twisted up on the divan, has made a block of one bent knee, on which he has fitted the white felt tarboosh which forms the basis of a sheykh's turban. Round this he winds, with mechanical precision, some ten or fifteen yards of fine white lawn in folds prescribed to indicate the wearer's exact dignity. The *Seyyid* is evidently an artist in turban-winding, and, like all true artists, is difficult to please, indeed almost as difficult as the Prince. It is only after the fourth or fifth winding that both Prince and *Seyyid* are satisfied. The latter, as he poses the structure on the Prince's head, gives the folds a last pat, very much in the manner and with the air of one of Madame Virot's young ladies poisoning a five-gulnea bonnet on the head of a customer.

The Prince admires himself in a hand-glass, and pronounces the turban perfect. Now, think I, we will get off at last; and I nudge Mahmoud Bey in the ribs. Not at all. Since yesterday the Sheykh has discovered that the *zikr*, or function at the *tekkié*, which we are to visit, does not begin till between two and three in the afternoon.

It is now a little after midday. With many inclinations the two merchants and the pilgrim take their leave. Mahmoud Bey, dying of hunger like myself, endeavors to escape, suggesting that we will return later. The Prince will not hear of such a thing, and begs that we will remain. So we sit and indulge in more sweet tea and more talk.

It was past one when at last the great man decided to start. Not for the dervishes, however, as we soon discovered. "It was still a great deal too early for them," the Prince declared. Besides, he had an invalid

Persian to visit in the neighborhood of their *tekkié*.

Very curious and interesting that visit was. The sick man, who had been suffering from partial paralysis for four months, lay on the divan covered up with innumerable wadded quilts, from which peeped a strange, gaunt face, looking as if it had been hewn out of wood, with a rough beard dyed bright red with henna, and an embroidered skull cap of many gay colors. Mean and tumble-down as was the house, everything was scrupulously clean and neat, the occupant hailing from Tabriz, in Azarbaïdjan, the inhabitants of which provinces are noted among Persians for their cleanliness and their scrupulous observance of all religious formulas—somewhat, in fact, like the Catalans in Spain.

A ragged Persian lad brought up a tray with large glasses of very sweet pink sherbet, which we poor, starving mortals had to gulp down, not sip, for there at our elbow stood the boy, tray in hand, waiting to take back the glass. "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*" The luxury of the East, which reads so pleasantly in books, is sometimes in the reality a poor substitute for the prosaic comfort of the West.

The Prince speaks to the sick man of approaching spring, of a speedy recovery. The glimpse which we catch through the window of the sea of Marmora under a snow-laden sky, the sunken eyes and haggard cheeks of the sufferer, belie his words. When we at last rise to go, the Prince, standing by the side of the sick man, takes one of his hands between his own two, and recites some *surats* from the Kurán.

At last we are really on our way to the *tekkié* of the dervishes. We wade up a few small watercourses, representing streets, and find ourselves opposite a large lath-and-plaster house. Somebody looking down from one of the many windows taps on the pane

as we cross the street. The Prince looks up, makes a slight salaam. The face disappears. We pass through a large doorway closed by a little iron gate, and that stands ajar, across a courtyard with shrubs, up some steps, and so into a vestibule, where a servant takes our goloshes, umbrellas, etc.

On the last of a flight of wooden steps stands, waiting to receive us, the Sheykh of the *tekkié*, the owner of the face which we caught sight of at the window. A very curious face it is. One would be tempted to say not at all a Turkish face, were it not that the harems of the Osmanli, stocked for centuries from all countries, have produced such a mixture of types that nowadays anything or everything may be Turkish. The pink-and-white-cheeked lads in the military schools, the flabby-faced, blear-eyed pashas driving to and from the ministries, seem to be as far removed as possible from what we have learned to look on as the true Osmanli type—big eyes under arched eyebrows, a long, slightly aquiline nose with open nostrils, a clear-cut mouth, and prominent chin—the type which finds its ideal in the portraits of Suleyman the Magnificent. Curiously enough, this type seems chiefly to occur nowadays among the upper classes of the Turks from Roumania and Bulgaria.

To return to our Sheykh. He is a rubicund-faced man, who might be of any age, with a slight black moustache, and a tuft of beard *à la Napoleon III*. Imagine the immortal d'Artagnan disguised as a Turk in a white tarboosh and turban, a dark blue outer robe, a yellow figured shirt, and semi-European trousers, you will then have some idea of the figure before us. A certain swaggering gait, a roguish twinkle in the eyes, help out this mousquetaire-like appearance.

"Come along upstairs," said the

Sheykh, with many salaams. "I am a plain man, very much honored by your visit, and only regret that I cannot receive you more worthily."

So saying, he led the way upstairs to a large room with three bed-divans, some arm-chairs, and a couple of European chests of drawers. On one divan a carpet of honor had been spread for Hajl Sheykh Ali, who settles himself down on it in his favorite *otium cum dignitate* attitude, toying with his amber beads and his diamond ring. A servant brings in a tray with tea. While we drink this, the Sheykh makes some inquiries of each of our party about their name and origin. My turn comes last. Getting up, he peers into my face and exclaims, amid a general laugh, "You wear a fez and you talk Persian, but you are not a Turk or a Persian. Your face is like the faces which I see when I go over to Pera, on which occasions I sometimes put on a hat, and then the people over there think that I am one of them. You are a Frank and a Christian, I am sure. Never mind, you are welcome all the same."

The Sheykh then proceeds to give us some particulars about his own order, or *tareek*. The members of this order are known as Sa'dees or Jebâwees, from the name of their founder, Saded-Din el Jebâwee, surnamed "Abu'l-Futooh," the Father of Victories, who died at Jebâ, near Damascus, A. A. 736 (A. D. 1335). The order appears to be an offshoot of the Rufa'ee (the so-called Howling Dervishes). Next to the Mevlevi, Rufa'ee and Kâdiree orders, the Sa'dee is perhaps the most popular and widespread of the thirty-six dervish orders in the Ottoman Empire. Besides fourteen or fifteen *tekkiés* in Constantinople and the environs, the Sa'dees have houses in many of the principal towns of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. It is the Sheykh of this order in Cairo who performs the well-

known ceremony of the *Doseh* every year at the festival of the Moolid-en-nebee (birthday of the Prophet) near the Hhasaneyn Mosque.

Each *tekkié* is ruled by a Sheykh, assisted by a *naseb-khalifeh*, or deputy. The *mureeds* (disciples) must obey the Sheykh implicitly. Unlike the Sheykh, who lives in the *tekkié* and is entirely given up to spiritual concerns, the *mureeds* may, and generally do, follow a profession or trade, and the majority do not live in the *tekkié*, but only come for the *sikr*, which takes place on one day in the week in each *tekkié*. The Sheykh receives a very small monthly allowance from the *Wakf*, or Ministry of Religious Endowments, and depends largely for his subsistence on the offerings of the faithful, generally made in kind. Celibacy is never enjoined, rarely, if ever, practised.

In answer to an enquiry about the total number of dervish *tekkiés* in Constantinople, the Sheykh asserts that there are about three hundred and sixty.¹

Conversation is interrupted by an observation from the Prince that he feels hungry. He gives some directions, and a large silver piece to the *Seyyid*, who disappears.

"I must feed or expire," I murmur to Mahmoud Bey in pure *Quartier Latin* French, a language which he, having spent some years on the left bank of the Seine, understands, whereas the Prince's French is of the elementary Ollendorffian order. *Bouffer* and *crever* are, I feel sure, beyond him.

"Do have patience," says Mahmoud Bey. "We are in the East."

He looks very grave, however, as, indeed, he well may, for we are on the verge of a colossal question. All the

company present, with the exception of the dervish Sheykh and myself, are Shi'ites. Now, like Shylock, the Shi'ite says in his heart, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." Next to the Moslems of India, many of whom will not eat nor drink out of a vessel which has once been used by an unbeliever, the Shi'ites are the strictest of all the members of Islâm in their ideas about pollution. To them every non-Moslem, nay, in a measure, even the Sunnite Moslems, are impure, men who perform not the prescribed ablutions, or perform them in a way which is not the Shi'ite way, men who eat unclean things (such as fish without scales) and wear the fur of forbidden animals. How, then, am I, a Christian, to be permitted to feed with this Shi'ite party?

Presently the *Seyyid* returns, followed by a Turk with a large, round tin dish, high piled with *kebâb* (small bits of mutton grilled on skewers) and toasted bread steeped in mutton fat with a girdle of *yaourt* (a kind of sour milk). Then ensues a little deliberation as to my presence at this meal. The Prince, to do him justice, had we been alone would probably have been quite pleased to eat with me, and even to drink a bottle or two of Bordeaux, but there is the *Seyyid*, who would undoubtedly report to the whole Persian colony how Haji Sheykh Ali had eaten with a Christian. The difficulty is finally got over by ladling a large portion out of the dish into a plate on a table placed for me alongside of that at which my friends are seated.

When we have eaten and washed our hands, the Sheykh sends for coffee,

¹ This number may be taken simply for a guess. If true, it would show an enormous increase in the last twenty-five or twenty-six years, since, in his book entitled *The Dervishes*,

or *Oriental Spiritualism*, published in 1868, Mr. J. P. Browne enumerates only two hundred and fifty-six *tekkiés* in Constantinople.

and proceeds to tell us some of his adventures.

"I was a young man," he said, "when I began my travels by a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Sultan had given me twenty-five pounds. I took a ticket for Jeddah, and embarked on a boat for Alexandria. On board I found many other pilgrims, some absolutely destitute, prepared to beg their way to the Holy Places. So I shared with them almost all I had left, and landed at Alexandria with next to nothing in my pocket. By the time I reached Cairo I was reduced to living on charity. The greatest privation of all was the want of tobacco. To procure this I hung about the cafés and picked up cigarette-ends. Life under these conditions seemed insupportable. I walked one day down to Boulak, and stood for ten minutes on the bridge looking into the Nile, thinking about throwing myself into it. Then I gave up the idea. Eventually I succeeded in getting to Suez, and thence to Jeddah. There I found myself again in the same plight as in Cairo. It was, however, much more difficult to get alms, the inhabitants of Jeddah being more ready to fleece than to assist pilgrims. But God is merciful! I discovered in the inspector of the customs an uncle whom I had not seen since my childhood. He received me with the greatest hospitality, bought me new clothes (my own were in rags), and presented me to the chief personages in the town. It is the clothes that make the man. I found myself a guest of importance in houses where a few days before I had been begging bread. The trick of picking up cigarette-ends, however, had stuck to me, and I found myself involuntarily grubbing in the spittoons. Such is habit!

"After some weeks at Jeddah, my uncle having generously provided me with money, I continued my journey, and having performed all my religious

duties at the Holy Shrines, re-embarked on a boat for Alexandria. On board I made the acquaintance of a high Turkish official, who took a great fancy to me. At Suez our boat was put in quarantine. This gentleman, being obliged to proceed at once overland to Cairo, begged me to take charge of his wife and children, offering me a handsome sum for my trouble.

"On the journey, one of the children fell sick. By the time we reached Alexandria it was dangerously ill. A doctor was called in, but too late. The child died. The mother gave me five pounds, and bade me make all arrangements for the funeral. I managed so well that we spent only three. We returned together from the cemetery in tears, and for four hours, seated opposite each other, we continued to weep. Then it occurred to me that I, at least, had no reason to cry, so I dried my eyes, and proposed that we should distribute the rest of the money in charity. We accordingly hired a carriage, and spent the rest of the day driving from one mosque to another, giving alms to the beggars at their doors. Some weeks afterwards the lady's husband rejoined her, and I returned to Stamboul."

Such in brief was the story of the dervish's pilgrimage; but it was told with a hundred picturesque details, in a style and with a pantomime of which it would be difficult to give an idea. One seemed to be listening turn-about to Sinbad, Don César de Bazan, Uncle Toby, Renan, Carlyle—a strange mixture of roguery with scraps of that intuitive philosophy which is the gift, or the heritage, of the Oriental.

When the Sheykh ceased, the Prince remarked with some unction, "See how frankly our friend speaks. His soul must be as pure as water."

The Sheykh, gazing into space, replied, "You think my soul is pure. I can assure you that it is very troubled.

What is God? What is soul? These are questions which constantly trouble me. Is not God in each one of us? Are not our souls the reflections or portions of the Great Soul? When you catch a flea, what do you do with it? You probably kill it, so"—sulting the action to the word. "I don't. I pick it up and drop it out of the window. It is a thing with life. Who knows but what it may have a soul?"

"Will you tell us," asked the Prince, "how you came to be Sheykh of this *tekkié*?"

"I simply succeeded my father," replied the Sheykh. "How he became Sheykh it may, perhaps, interest you to hear. Born in Asia Minor, he came as a young man to the capital. One night, tired and hungry, he knocked at the door of this *tekkié*. The dervish who opened the door gave him nothing but rough words in answer to his prayer for bread and lodging, and shut the door in his face. Years afterwards, my father gained the favor of the then Sultan, Mahmoud II., who one day bade him ask whatsoever he wished. My father begged to be made Sheykh of this *tekkié*. Mindful of the reception which he had met with in former days, he ordered that the gate should remain open day and night."

During the latter part of our conversation we had been joined by a young dervish, whose handsome features and fine dress—a dark blue outer turban, an under-robe of yellow silk, and under that another of striped crimson and gold satin—proclaimed him to be a Calrene Arab. His placid expression and languid movements formed a curious contrast to the Sheykh's animation and *brusquerie*. In answer to our inquiry as to when the *zikr* would begin, the Sheykh clapped his hands, and gave orders for the hour of this function to be advanced. He and the young Arab, whom we discovered to be a passing guest, bandied compliments

as to who should lead the prayer. The Sheykh at last yielded, put on a new outer robe of dark blue cloth, straightened his turban, picked up a string of beads. Then, assuming his most dignified air, he glanced at himself in one of the mirrors, and exclaiming, "Now I am the Sheykh of this *tekkié*. Did I not tell you that it is the clothes that make the man?" he sallied out of the room, followed by his Arab colleague.

An attendant opened a large folding door at the far end of the room, disclosing a kind of latticed gallery, not unlike a very roomy theatre box. Here carpets and cushions had been spread on the floor for us, and on these we took our seats, pressing our faces against the lattice to lose no detail of the scene below.

We look down into a hall some thirty-five feet square. Round three sides of this runs a gallery for spectators, covered with matting, and divided by a balustrade and columns of wood from the space affected to the *zikr*, a space floored with bare boards. In the wall on the fourth (south-east) side of this, the place where the *mih-râb* (the niche pointing towards Mecca) ought to be is indicated by some beams let into the wall so as to form a kind of arch. Over this hangs a large *âyat*, or verse from the Kurân, with a silver cymbal on either side of it. Two big green flags embroidered with *âyat* are fastened against the wall. Opposite to this, running round two sides of the upper part, are latticed galleries, similar to ours, reserved for the women. Under this are suspended some tambourines. On the floor, close up to the south-east wall, are laid shawls, and over them at intervals, leopard- and sheep-skins; in front of the space marked as the *mih-râb*, a lion-skin for the Sheykh. Along the gallery side is spread a line of sheep-skins, on which are seated some of the dervishes, with their faces towards the *Kibla*. Two occupy posi-

tions a little in front of this row. The dervishes are of all ages, and apparently of all ranks of society. A well-dressed man, who might be an upper *employé* in one of the ministries, sits next to a young fellow who might be a carpenter or a shoemaker. There is no special dress. Most, however, wear a white tarboosh bound with white, or in some cases, green.

The *zikr* begins. A gray-bearded dervish, standing up, intones in a full, deep voice the call to prayer. Then follows the ordinary *namaz*, all performing their prostrations in unison. During the course of this, the superior members of the *tekke* have dropped in one by one, taking up their places on the skins spread near the *Kibla* wall. The last to appear is the Sheykh. He is preceded by an attendant, who covers the lion-skin with a crimson sheep-skin. It seems hard to believe that the very dignified personage with the all-absorbed air of a Japanese Buddha, is the man who a few minutes before was laughing, gesticulating, and joking among us. Then, seated in two rows facing each other, the dervishes begin a series of recitations, consisting chiefly of *ayat* from the Kurán read by one dervish, the others joining in the response. Then, still seated, they chant, in a rapid, tripping measure, "*Bism-illah-er-rahman-er-rahim*," swaying their heads, first to one side, then to the other. Every now and again one shouts—barks would, perhaps, be the more correct word—"Ya hou!" (O God!). After this a *nouhak*, or *complainte*, in Turkish is recited by the aforesaid gray-bearded dervish, interrupted by sobs and sighs and ejaculations of "*Ya Husein, Ya Ali Madad!*" (O Husein, O "Ali," assistance!).

Just at this moment the solemnity of the ceremony is somewhat marred by the patter of infant feet on the bare boards. A five-year-old son of the Sheykh trots up and down, in and out

among the dervishes. None pay any attention to him. The chant continues uninterrupted. Finally, the boy settles down by the side of his father, who all this time has been sitting motionless on his sheep-skin.

The dervishes now rise to their feet, remove the sheep-skins on which they have been sitting, and all, with the exception of the Sheykh, who remains standing with his back to the *mihrah*, fall into a long line. In measured cadence they repeat together "*La illáha-illa-l-láh*," bowing their heads, and swaying their bodies, first to one side and then to the other, with a curious, swinging movement, caused, apparently, by turning on the heel of one foot and the toe of the other—a kind of reel step.

Faster and faster come the words, and with the words the movement quickens. The long line of figures swaying to and fro reminds one of a wind-swept cornfield. Several remove their outer robes. All seem to be very exhausted. The Sheykh, who has advanced, and now stands close to them, checks an inclination on their part to stop.

A servant enters with a bundle, which he lays at the feet of the Sheykh and unties. It contains three or four shirts, sent by sick men to be blessed. They are carried up and down in front of the line of dervishes. The same is done with a glass of water. Presently a little boy and girl, who have been brought to be cured of some illness, are led up and down, and then seated on a sheep-skin. All this time the dervishes continue to chant and sway to and fro. At the end of about twenty minutes, when all are apparently quite exhausted, the Sheykh gives the signal to stop. The dervishes don their outer robes and disperse.

Presently the Sheykh rejoined us, and soon afterwards, the young Arab dervish. We had remarked him as be-

ing peculiarly active in the *zikr*, and had expected to find him quite worn out. He appeared, however, not to have turned a hair. As placid as ever, he seated himself on the divan and rolled a cigarette.

Our talk turned on various orders of dervishes, on the *Alssowa* of Algiers and the *Fakirs* of India.

"In our *tekkié*," said the young Arab, "we eat fire. Perhaps you might care to see me do it."

A small brazier, full of red-hot charcoal, was brought. Seating himself on the floor in front of this, the Arab picked out with a pair of iron pincers a big lump, which he broke into small fragments, one of which he put into his mouth, swaying his body to and fro, uttering a series of semi-suppressed groans, he munched the hot charcoal between his teeth. When he had retained it nearly a minute, he spat it out, and took up another small piece. The operation appeared to cause him great pain. He rolled his eyes wildly, and at times the saliva dripped from the corners of his mouth.

Persians are said to be utterly callous to human suffering, but Mahmoud Bey was so much upset that he got up and went out of the room. The Prince, too, was visibly affected. To me the performance appeared a mere piece of vulgar trickery. By practice a man might easily learn to retain a small piece of hot charcoal between his teeth

in such a manner that it should not scorch his flesh.

When the Arab had crunched some five or six pieces we begged him to stop. He rose and seated himself on the divan, remarking that there was no reason for any anxiety, that the operation was quite a simple one, and could be learnt in a few weeks by any novice. Despite his placidity, I suspected that his tongue and lips were burnt. I was therefore surprised to see him swallow, a few minutes afterwards, a cup of hot coffee and smoke a cigarette, apparently without any inconvenience.

It was getting late. We took our leave, thanking our host for the afternoon's entertainment, and begging to be allowed to return.

"Well, Bey," I asked, a little maliciously, of my friend, as we walked home together, "what do you think of *Islâm* as practised in *Stamboul*?"

"Ah, you Westerns!" he exclaimed, "will you ever understand *Islâm*? Surely you do not imagine that the ceremony which we have just witnessed forms any integral part of our faith? Who knows but what we have been assisting at a reminiscence of Zoroastrian rites—for nearly all the Turkish order of dervishes are of Persian origin—or the survival of the dances of the *Corybantes* on the slopes of *Ida*? There are many things in *Islâm* which are not of it."

George Grahame.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE.

Little Holland House. These three words evoke a picture of an enchanted garden, where it was always Sunday afternoon—afternoons prolonged, on rare red-letter days, into moonlit evenings full of music and delicate delight.

It has been said of a royal house of France that all its men were brave and all its women chaste; of the brilliant company that used to assemble on the green lawns of Little Holland House on summer Sunday afternoons in the

late fifties and the early sixties, it might be as truly said that almost all the men were famous and almost all the women fair. Of the men, some, lapped in lead, now lie under the pavement of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; other some lie in quiet country churchyards, their graves a goal of pilgrimage still, and the names upon them striking a chord of memory and regret in even the casual passer-by. Of both men and women, a few—how few, alas!—still remain with us.

The house to which this fair garden belonged was a low, irregular building, once a farmhouse, which had been added to from time to time, the latest addition at this date being the studios, first one and then a second one, built by the most illustrious of its inmates, George Frederick Watts. When, some two years ago, Mr. Watts made his princely gift to the nation of the portraits of Carlyle, Lord Lawrence, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Hallé, Joachim, Browning, and their comrades in that noble company of famous men, the reading of their names in the records of the gift brought back the interest and delight of those past days when the portraits were painted, and it was one of the privileges of those Sunday gatherings to go into the studio and see the progress of the last new work.

There was a tinge of romance about the legend of the coming of Watts to Little Holland House that harmonized agreeably with the enchantment of the place. It ran that, having been invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep some years previously, when the hour of departure came it was found to be raining. Watts had no umbrella, cabs in that neighborhood fifty years ago were not so plentiful as now, so he was asked to stay the night; day followed day, an attack of illness supervened, through which he was carefully and tenderly nursed, and the day of departure was deferred *sine die*. Frail

and delicate-looking, I seem to see him still, to my young eyes a graybeard even then, in his long coat and skull-cap, a very artist, modest and kindly, surrounded by his noble works in that studio which has ever remained to me as a perfect example of what a studio ought to be—the French have but one word, *atelier*, for studio and workshop—a workshop of the highest and sublimest craft, with every accessory beautiful, but partaking neither of the character of a curiosity shop nor of a fine lady's drawing-room.

The question of *Senior's* health was often an anxious one in those days, and it was generally doubtful whether or no he would appear on those Sunday afternoons, or be kept out of sight and sound by his careful hostess. How he came by the appellation of "Senior" I know not, but it was firmly affixed to him, and then, as now, used by all his familiar friends. Now that his name is as a household word, and established as one of the artistic glories of his country, it is curious to remember that he was then—although he had done some of his finest work—known to a comparatively restricted circle, and that it was possible for casual visitors to be brought to Little Holland House who had never heard of him. The amazed expression on a young lady's face may be imagined as she turned a bewildered look upon Richard Doyle, who was showing her round the studio, and exclaimed: "Why, he is a great artist!" "One of the greatest of this or any other age," was the prompt reply. Millais and Leighton were then in the very flush of their early fame, and the embodiment of youthful vigor and manly beauty. They were the most prominent in the constellation of brilliant artists gathered around Watts, all several years his junior, and but one of whom, Holman Hunt, remains. Their portraits, painted by that frail but nervous hand, keep before us, as

nothing else can, the image of their earthly clay.

Leighton had leaped into a sudden plenitude of renown by the success of his *Procession of Cimabue*, its purchase by the Queen being the first of a series of fortune's favors that continued to rain upon him to the end. No man could grudge him them: they seemed as natural a part of his inheritance as his talents, his good looks, his sunny good nature, and exquisite kindness and tact. The full tale of his innumerable acts of kindness will never be told. In his own swift, sure-footed ascent of the ladder of fame his hand was always ready to give a friendly, helpful grasp to those tolling behind. The first picture of Mason's ever seen, the first knowledge of his name in London, came to be seen and known through Leighton. In his studio in Orme Square, Bayswater, on one of his show Sundays in those early days, he drew the attention of every person who came in away from his own works to show them "a picture by my friend Mason," expatiating on all its beauties with eager insistence and the joyous enumeration of its qualities, ending in a subdued change of tone as he added: "He is in very bad health, poor fellow!"

To one who formed part of the group of children who had their own habitual corner of the sunny garden of Little Holland House, the image of Leighton comes most naturally to mind as one of the two or three young men who occasionally joined in their games, to their intense gratification and delight. Races between little boys and girls were sometimes started by these admired elders, and, in an obstacle race over croquet-hoops, a little girl once came to grief and measured her length upon the grass. Leighton's was the first hand to pick her up, but his cheerful voice rang out even sooner: "Never mind, B—, you did not show your legs!"

In 1862, Holman Hunt's friend and pupil, Robert Martineau, exhibited his picture, *The Last Day in the Old Home*. The present generation, although the picture now, through the gift of the artist's brother, forms part of the National Collection, has but little knowledge of his name, and perhaps no recollection of the great success he suddenly achieved. The picture made a triumphant progress through the country after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1862, and his name and Holman Hunt's were generally linked together. He died seven years later, and no other picture from his hand attained a like celebrity. The pathos of the subject, as well as the intrinsic merit of the painting, must have had a great share in its popularity. Happily, the work is now in the new Tate Gallery of British Art, and students may judge for themselves of its claims to lasting fame. Martineau was devoted to his art and something of a musician as well; there was no more familiar figure than his at Little Holland House, generally following in the wake of Holman Hunt. I believe at that time they shared the same studio, and were almost inseparable companions.

If Watts' studio and his own individuality formed the most striking feature, and one that is inseparably connected with the recollection of Little Holland House—has he not given its name to his present house and studio?—the charm of the delightful place was no less due to the hosts who received you there. The fine characteristic old head of Mr. Prinsep, the distinguished Indian civil servant, lives again in Watts' portrait. The same hand painted Mrs. Prinsep, her children, and her sisters, in life-size portraits that bear witness that no words could well exaggerate the grace and beauty that were the portion of nearly all. Mr. Prinsep's Christian name, Thoby, was

one of the minor wonders that exercised a youthful mind; that a venerable old gentleman should be called after Mr. Punch's dog (for years I was ignorant of the redeeming "h") was a standing puzzle, and his wife's constant calls to "Thoby," warning him not to catch cold by staying too long on the grass, etc., always seemed a little incongruous.

What a handsome stately presence was that of Mrs. Prinsep, and with how simple and natural a grace she did the honors of her charming house! Less regularly beautiful than her younger sisters, Lady Somers, Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. Dalrymple, she must have possessed in an eminent degree the *culte* of the beautiful, to have obtained such harmonies of beauty in all her surroundings—of dress, ornament, color, and furniture—as well as the rare gift of being a perfect hostess. On those summer Sundays her drawing-room was generally the garden, Indian rugs making patches of color upon the green, and knots of chairs and chintz-covered couches gathered under the layers of green shade of widespreading trees. One big square red seat must, in its time, have afforded rest to a greater number of handsome women than did even Horace Walpole's famous shell at Strawberry Hill. The ladies of Little Holland House, as their portraits testify, had adopted a graceful and beautiful style of dress that seemed inspired by the Italian Renaissance, and was alike admirable in design, color, and material. These gracefully flowing robes were often made of rare Indian stuffs, and from India, the birthplace, I believe, of all these daughters of Judge Pattle, came also many of the ornaments they wore: the clustered pearls, the delicate Indian jewels and tinkling sets of gold and silver bangles, having then the added charms of rarity and novelty to English eyes. Let it be

remembered that those were the days of crinoline and of spoon-shaped bonnets, worn upon hair dressed à l'*impératrice*, and that Leech's pictures in "Punch" were a very faithful presentment of the fashions of the time. On the other hand "æstheticism" was as yet unborn, and the dress of these beautiful ladies was as far removed from the lank disorder of sad-colored raiment, known to us under the misnomer of artistic dress, as it was from the grotesque deformities of fashion in its own decade. There is, in the picture-gallery of Mr. Watts' present house, a painting representing Mrs. Prinsep and her sister, Mrs. Dalrymple, standing side by side, tall, erect, and graceful. Better than any words, this picture and its compeers preserve the features and the charm of the women whose presence helped to make the enchantment of those Sunday afternoons. This double portrait used to hang in one of the drawing-rooms of Little Holland House, and the appointments and the furniture of these rooms, and indeed of the whole house, were as fit a setting as the garden itself for what was beautiful and graceful.

To eyes accustomed to early Victorian wall-papers and carpets, how describe what was the refreshment and delight of those matted rooms, with cool green walls against which hung paintings glowing with Venetian color, and the low ceilings, painted a dusk harmonious blue? In the principal drawing-room, where stood the piano, the planetary system was traced in gold upon the deep-blue ceiling. Bed-rooms and all were in this scheme of color, with lattice windows framed with creepers, through which one saw the waving trees. The walls of the long narrow dining-room were entirely painted by Watts: the Seven Ages of Man, unless memory plays me false, being the subject of the paintings in the gold lunettes. When, in the course

of time, the onward march of London swept over the picturesque old house, and it was laid low to make way for Melbury Road, an attempt was made to save these mural paintings, but in vain, and these important works, by one of the greatest masters of his century, were ruthlessly destroyed.

To a mind still deeply tinged with the childish literature of fairydom, and to which its heroes were as real as those of Greece and Rome, Mr. Prinsep's two sons, Valentine and Arthur, used to suggest the fancy that they had been misnamed, and that Valentine and Orson should have been their names. Those who have seen Watts' study of the head of Arthur Prinsep in armor as Sir Galahad will understand how exactly he seemed to fit the character of Valentine, the gentle knight; but here arose a fresh puzzle, for if the stature and burly figure of the elder brother suited the outward presentment of the fabled Orson, there the resemblance ceased, and kind and humorous good-nature replaced the murderous propensities of the original. Of Mr. Prinsep's two other children, Henry, the eldest, was much in India at this time, and Alice, his only daughter, was a thin dark little maiden, giving but small promise of the startling beauty that was to be her portion a little later, and which Watts has immortalized in his portrait of her in a blue dress seated at the piano.

Mrs. Cameron, the eldest of Judge Pattle's daughters, short in stature and of homely features, was a marked contrast to her handsome sisters, but what she may have wanted in good looks was amply compensated for by her intelligence and wit and originality. She marked a new era in photography, elevating it to an art, and if her series of portraits of the men of her day were not so rapidly fading away, they would form one of the most precious collections of the portraiture of the century.

Into how many a household did not her fine photographic pictures (she seized upon every one, gentle or simple, known to her or absolute stranger, who seemed a likely model) bring the first elements of beauty and distinction from the realm of art? In his autobiography, Sir Henry Taylor says of her: "Her life having been passed almost entirely in India, where she had been latterly, in the absence of the Governor-General's wife, at the head of the European society, she made small account of the ways of the world in England; and perhaps, had she been less accustomed to rule, she would still have been by no means a servile follower of our social 'use and wont.' For, without arrogating any lawless freedom, perhaps indeed unconsciously, it belonged to her nature to be, in non-essentials, a law unto itself." Again, in one of his letters he writes: "Does Alice ever tell you, or do I, of how we go on with Mrs. Cameron? how she keeps showering upon us her 'barbaric pearls and gold'—India shawls, turquoise bracelets, inlaid portfolios, ivory elephants, etc.—and how she writes us letters of six sheets long all about ourselves, thinking that we can never be sufficiently sensible of the magnitude and enormity of our virtues? And, for our part, I think that we do not find flattery, at least of this kind (for hers is sincere), to be so disagreeable as people say it is; and we like her and grow fond of her.

"It was, indeed, impossible that we should not grow fond of her—impossible for us, and not less so for the many whom her genial, ardent, and generous nature has captivated since."

Sir Henry's wife, Lady Taylor, in describing her once said: "I could talk to you about Mrs. Cameron for a whole afternoon, and you would go away thinking she was an incarnate angel. The next day I could talk to you again for the same length of time, telling

you things, equally true, which would make you carry away the impression that she was exactly the opposite." In truth, she was neither an incarnate angel nor the other thing, but a warm-hearted, impulsive, original, and absolutely illogical woman, overflowing with goodwill towards all the world, but apt to carry out her schemes for its welfare with small heed to the individual tastes of those for whom she labored. She had no illusions as to her personal appearance, and treated it with a frank disregard of the least attempt to improve it, that had a charm of its own, though I fear it sometimes resulted in an aspect of untidiness. The hurried scuffle of her life was well represented by the attitude of a certain Indian brooch she wore—I never remember to have seen her without it; it was a silver elephant and it was *never* put on the right way up, the elephant being always on his back with his legs in the air. Her quaint unconventionalities of speech and act gave rise to many anecdotes, forgotten now. She had planned a marriage, of the absolute suitability of which she in vain attempted to convince the young lady whose happiness she wished to secure. She dismissed the subject and the lady with the words: "Her heart was black and she would not marry C—." She had bought, or hired, a piano on one occasion for her cottage at Freshwater; when it arrived no preparation for unpacking it had been made, and it lay, in its great case, stranded before the door. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Cameron sent a maidservant into the lane with orders to stop the first four men who might happen to pass by. She explained the situation to the astonished quartet as soon as they were assembled, and her piano was unpacked and placed in position *tant bien que mal*.

Mrs. Cameron was an admirable reader, and one of the pictures that stand out most vividly against the

green background of that Little Holland House garden represents the venerable figure of old Lord Lansdowne, sitting under a shady tree, his two hands resting on his stick, and his white head bent forward as he listens to Mrs. Cameron, seated on a low stool at his feet, reading Tennyson's last new poem aloud to him—"The Princess," if I mistake not. The poet himself we sometimes watched with awed and reverent attention, with his rugged face, his deep voice, his wideawake, and his long hair; wondering, perhaps, as we saw him stroll about or sit talking with a brother poet, Sir Henry Taylor, what might be the connection between poetry and long hair as exemplified by these two poets, whereas Browning, the third poet, who was a frequent guest at Little Holland House, wore hair as short as any soldier's, while Aubrey de Vere perhaps made, in length of locks, a connecting link between them.

I do not know if ever Mrs. Browning went to Little Holland House, but another poetess, the gentle Adelaide Procter, falling in health even then, with the light of her soul in her eyes, used sometimes to be there, spreading a charm all her own around her; a charm which lingered for more than twenty years in the two words—"My Adelaide;" for in these words there lived a whole world of maternal love and pride and regret, and to Mrs. Procter's last hour they were never long absent from her lips. Not to have known Mrs. Procter is a loss for which such of her contemporaries as were deprived of that delight and honor deserve the deepest pity. With Lady Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's wife, and Mrs. Sartoris, she stands apart as one of the three wittiest and most delightful talkers of their day.

Good conversation is perhaps the most charming of all social pleasures, but, alas, it is also the most evanescent.

and when once the lips that delighted us are closed and silent, although the echo may live in our own minds as long as life itself, it is wellnigh impossible to convey it to others. Mrs. Procter simply overflowed with wit, occasionally a trifle caustic, and as Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her "Records" truly observes, so rich and abundant was her store that she often put her own good things into the mouths of her interlocutors. No one admitted to frequent intercourse with her but must occasionally have been surprised by her saying: "As you very truly said," and then would follow some happy *bon-mot*, of which one knew oneself to have been absolutely and totally incapable.

One of the most remarkable things about Mrs. Procter was her youthfulness. There was but little poetic license in the opening lines of Mr. Russell Lowell's verses to her:—

I know a young girl of seventeen
Who tells me she is seventy.

Not that there was the least affectation of youth in her dress or demeanor, or any attempt to disguise her age; on the contrary, she was ever ready, towards the end of her life almost eager, to reveal how many winters had passed over her bright intelligent head. It must have been her sheer vitality and incomparable good health that gave her such enjoyment of life, and the pleasure she gave to others seemed to return with compound interest to herself. "The study of mankind is man" might have been her motto, for her brilliant fascinating talk had seldom any other topic than her fellow-men and women. The keen wit sometimes flashed rapier-like (does not Mrs. Kemble tell us it had earned for her the title of Our Lady of Bitterness?), but it never pricked deeply, perhaps was never meant to prick at all, and though there may have been what the French call *malice* now and again in

her sayings, of malice in the English sense was there none. She was ready to admit the youngest and most insignificant of her acquaintances to her treasure-house, with an old-fashioned courtesy so entire and hearty that it seemed to receive favors while conferring them. A youth of eighteen, who had taken some little trouble to find her carriage for her after a party, was surprised and delighted to receive a letter of thanks from her the next morning, a letter as charming as one of Madame de Sévigné's.

Mrs. Procter did not much care for music or painting; there was often a little politely concealed impatience when either of these two arts absorbed the conversation for any length of time. "Why all this fuss about an exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' works?" she asked at a dinner party a few weeks before the opening of the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery; "there has been one already; I remember it quite well." "Yes, Mrs. Procter, but that was in 1817!"

"I like expensive music," she remarked the day after a musical party, at which amateurs had furnished the entertainment. "All pretence," murmured Browning in the ear of his neighbor; "she cares for no music at all." She never refused a ball, and she must have been more than seventy years old when we found her one day deeply concerned as to her costume for a fancy ball to which she had just been invited. She went as a Quakeress, and greatly contributed to the success of the ball. A friend was one day expressing her extreme astonishment at the rumor of a marriage between one of the cleverest men of the day and a very commonplace, uninteresting woman. "Is it not wonderful?" "Not at all wonderful, my dear. She flatters him, and the man, any man, says to himself, 'Well, poor thing, she may be ugly and commonplace and tiresome,

but she is a woman of such uncommon good taste!" The expression of voice and feature with which the last four words were uttered was inimitable. Her predilection was for dinner parties, and there was she at her best. She one evening told Sir Charles Hallé, her neighbor at table, that her great regret on her deathbed would be the thought of the pleasant dinners she had missed. The statement was received with open-mouthed amazement, for Hallé, though one of the most delightful talkers of his day, went through the duties of society à son corps défendant.

There were several points of similitude between Mrs. Procter and Lady Taylor. They were both the wives of poets, and, if Lady Taylor's poet son, Aubrey, had not died at an age even younger than that at which Mrs. Procter lost her daughter Adelaide, and before his genius had had time to fulfil the promise in the few verses published in his father's autobiography, the world would have known that she, too, was the mother of a poet. They both carried to their graves a lifelong mourning for these, the most gifted of their children. Both possessed of intellectual gifts of a high order; both excellent women of business, a very necessary *grâce d'état* in a poet's wife; both displaying a large-minded easy philosophy towards the world and its ways, Lady Taylor, thanks to the Irish blood in her veins,¹ had a more poetic and picturesque element in her humor and her wit. Perhaps for the very reason that they were so much alike, these two delightful women did not get on very well together, a fact which their friends noted with amusement, and which they themselves acknowledged with half-laughing contrition. Lady Taylor had been beautiful, and the refined, delicately featured face, set upon

the fragile figure, little taller than a child's, retained a great measure of its beauty.

While Mrs. Procter hardly ever quitted London; and was as devoted to its streets as Madame de Sévigné to the *ruisseau* of the Rue du Bac, Lady Taylor made East Sheen, with winters at Bournemouth in later years, the home of her family from the year 1844. Her title of Queen of Bournemouth was a rightly deserved one. She was an admirable letter-writer, observant, sensitive, and felicitous of expression. In one of the letters quoted by her husband, writing of Alum Bay, she says: "Mrs. Cameron was sorry that the sea was so calm. She thought I should have found it grander in a storm. But I think she was wrong. The scene being in itself one of such power and simplicity and force, it was all the grander for its stillness. Where power makes itself felt it is sometimes better unspoken." During the same visit to Freshwater she writes again: "Mrs. Cameron and I went to tea with Mr. Jowett, to me a most agreeable man. He looks so wise, and gentle and happy, and so simple. . . . I was glad to go, but I felt very shy, too, as I always do when I am in society with Mrs. Cameron. She steers, and so oddly and so boldly that I always expect to find myself stuck in a quicksand or broken against a rock." Lady Taylor's sensations when in society with Mrs. Cameron must have been shared by many in a like case, but few could have described them so happily.

Her cousin, Aubrey de Vere, sitting opposite her in the pretty Bournemouth drawing-room, through which so many celebrities and pleasant people were constantly coming and going, as always happens where one celebrated man has set up his rest, once said to her, in a quietly contemplative tone, tinged with soft Irish brogue, "Alice, you say very clever things sometimes."

¹ She was the youngest daughter of the first Lord Montagu.

"Do I, Aubrey?" was the swift reply, while the humorous gleam that lit up her face seemed to acknowledge the impeachment. "Yes; the other day you were describing a terribly tiresome woman, and you finished by saying: 'One day she met a ghost, and the ghost fainted!'" Had Sir Henry and Lady Taylor possessed better health and more ambition, the mark they would have made upon the society of their day would have been a deep one.

Lady Taylor and Mrs. Procter were the only two women from whose lips I have heard descriptions of Rogers, of his dinner parties and his sayings; and their words excited no deep regret at having been born too late to have had any personal intercourse with that satirical gentleman. It was to Lady Taylor, I believe, that, in response to a remonstrance against some sarcastic speech, he made the well-known answer, a satire in itself: "I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear what I said."

Sunday after Sunday used to find Mrs. Sartoris (*née* Adelaide Kemble) at Little Holland House, and there, or wherever else she might be, it could be said, Where she sat was the head of the table, the humblest seat became a throne, around which her versatile, brilliant, and witty discourse, emphasized by a mobile play of feature and an incomparable variety of gesture, kept a charmed circle of delighted hearers. The Kemble beauty reigned in her face, and in the variety of its expressions the quiver of the nostrils played a leading part; never can a human nostril have helped its owner to express indignation, amusement, and a thousand other motions of mind and spirit as did Mrs. Sartoris'. We found her one day greatly pleased: she had had the visit of an old gentleman who had known Mrs. Siddons, and he had told her that he had been struck, on this his first interview with her,

with the similarity of one of her gestures to a favorite gesture of her aunt's—a downward emphatic wave of her fan at the conclusion of a sentence. All who knew Mrs. Sartoris will remember how constantly she rounded off her periods with this movement, sometimes striking her fan into the palm of her left hand, and will understand her pleasure at learning that she had inherited it from her illustrious aunt.

Writing of his arrival in London in 1848, Sir Charles Hallé says: "To another introduction, that to Mrs. Sartoris, I owe some of the greatest pleasures I have enjoyed in London. She was indeed a rare woman, and her somewhat taciturn husband a man of vast intelligence. Both were musicians to the core, intensely enthusiastic, and of sound judgment. Their house reminded me strongly of the 'salon' of Armand Bertin in Paris, for it was the rendezvous of most of the remarkable people in London—poets, painters, musicians—all feeling equally at home, and all finding something to interest them." Sir Charles calls Mrs. Sartoris "a rare woman," and in writing of her sister, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, shortly after her death in 1893, Mr. Henry James uses almost the identical words, "She was one of the rarest of women," and he expresses a lively curiosity about the foreign mother, the clever Mrs. Charles Kemble, "whose easy gift to the world had been two such daughters as Fanny Kemble and Adelaide Sartoris." They were both among the first and most original of talkers, but in Mrs. Sartoris there was less of the volcanic element, and the ordinary mortal could enjoy the brilliant feast of artistic, flowing, racy talk, without the latent sense of salutary fear from which no one who talked with her magnificent sister could ever quite rid himself. Nothing, however, could be more amusing or more splendid than to witness, from a safe distance, a battle-

royal of argument between the two sisters. Like thunder-clouds meeting, like armored knights bearing down full tilt upon each other in the lists, one never quite knew how much was genuine and how much was a display of finest dramatic art, but the effect was superb.

In the exquisite Hampshire home, on Southampton Water, where music and gardening were held in equal honor, and where her life was to end, Mrs. Sartoris was as happy and as much at home (perhaps more so) as in the whirl of London, and it is with the thought of her large-hearted charity that we take leave of her—a charity that once led her humbly, day by day, to the bedside of a poor old woman, to dress the wounds which no one in the village dared approach.

If it be perhaps the best of educations to grow up under the shadow of great names and to graduate in hero-worship, the young people who frequented Little Holland House were privileged indeed. And there was always some good-natured elder—most often Richard Doyle—to point out those whom we might not know. "That is Lord Lawrence." "That man walking across the lawn is Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars." "There goes Edward Burne-Jones, commonly called Ned Jones." A world of admiration and respect was often contained in these brief indications, awaking an answering echo in the breasts of his young hearers. Dear "Dicky" Doyle, great humorist, faithful friend, preserving to his latest hour his childlike innocence of heart, capable of heroism—witness his resignation of his *gagne-pain*, his position on the staff of Punch, when that paper at the time of the "Papal Aggression" took to abusing the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman; his Irish light-heartedness carrying him easily through the troubles and difficulties of life, and his humorous views of society delighting the world as much through his tongue as through

his pen. In quiet drollness of manner Doyle was unapproached; a sidelong look in his eye and a kind of shy half-deprecatory twist of his shoulders with a twitch of the long upper lip accompanying the quiet witticisms, uttered with the touch of Irish brogue that accorded so well with his sayings.

He was at that time bringing out his "Bird's-eye Views of Society" in the Cornhill Magazine, of which Thackeray was then the editor. (I believe Thackeray had some trouble in getting him to send in his drawings in time, for dilatoriness was surely his only fault.) There was a little "fuss" in society about these drawings; Doyle was accused of having caricatured certain well-known members of it, but he met all such rumors with the direct assurance that types, and not individuals, had been portrayed, with the sole exception of his friend Matthew Higgins, the Jacob Omnium of the Times, whose gigantic stature rears itself in the centre of one of the earlier Views. He and Thackeray were supposed to be the two tallest men in literary London. They, too, were *habitués* of Little Holland House.

Of divines at Little Holland House memory brings back only two—Mr. Mark Pattison, engaged in a solemn and elaborate game of croquet, and the Queen's Chaplain, Mr. Brookfield, with his handsome wife and their daughter Magdalen, afterwards Mrs. William Ritchie, with a face like a Mantegna, destined, alas! to an early end:

Beauty that must die,
And joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu.

There were the makings of a tragedian in Mr. Brookfield. His reading of Shakespeare was remarkable, and he was ever good-naturedly ready to read the "Merchant of Venice," or some other play, in aid of charity. An ex-

ample of his great facial expression occurred one Sunday at Little Holland House. A young lady, in going over a Northern Assize Court, had happened to see a murderer (who had slain a hecatomb of victims) upon his trial, and was expressing her astonishment that he looked so much "like anybody else." "I suppose you expected him to look like this," said Mr. Brookfield, immediately throwing into his face and whole person so melodramatically murderous an expression that it would have done credit to Macready.

If painting had its home at Little Holland House, music was there a frequent honored guest, and on many Sundays one might steal from the garden or the studio to the hushed drawing-room, with its dim green walls and blue gold-encircled ceiling, and listen to Bach and Beethoven flowing in liquid beauty from Hallé's incomparable fingers. Joachim sometimes was there, and Mrs. Prinsep often kept a few happy guests to dinner, and an evening of music followed. "Ah, precious evenings, all too swiftly sped!" Hallé writes to his wife on April 29, 1862, that he had taken Stephen Heller to Little Holland House: "*Le temps était superbe, et jamais je n'ai vu un homme plus charmé que Heller ne l'était de Watts, de Doyle, des Prinsep, du jardin, et de tout enfin.*"

Miss Treherne, afterwards Mrs. Weldon, was often seated at the piano, warbling deliciously with her fresh young voice; her pretty brown head a picture, rising from the coral-encircled throat and black silk dress.

Many are the graceful visions that stand out against the background of green garden; some stately in grand maturity, like the three sisters—the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Norton, of whom Henry Taylor had written in 1835: "The night before last I plunged deep into the acquaint-

ance of Mrs. Norton. I came to the top again dripping with beauty; but I shook my ears and found myself no worse." Mrs. Nassau Senior, the Mrs. Arthur of her brother's "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Tall and slight and fair, with masses of golden hair drawn back from the broad white forehead, and the calm blue eye meeting his so deep and open—he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful." Golden haired the two Miss Edens, soon to be Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Hammersley, and golden-haired, too, the twin daughters of Mrs. Edward Villiers, afterwards Lady Lytton and Lady Loch, of the first of whom Gueneau de Mussy, when she was Ambassadress at Paris, said the pretty but untranslatable word, "*Quand elle entre, elle répand une fraîcheur.*" So the gracious procession passes, down to the little children who were in their turn to be the beauties of their day, and who are even now as those three Sheridan sisters then were.

As these slight reminiscences have come back one by one, they have brought with them the conviction that, even if some magic wand could restore Little Holland House, and bring back the noble company that used to assemble there, so much have the habits and customs of society changed that it would be impossible to renew that pleasant sense of feeling sure that one would find almost the same nucleus of people, Sunday after Sunday, during the whole season, with a sufficient admixture of strangers to provide variety and stimulate curiosity. Forty years ago society still came to London for the season, and there was less flying from it perpetually than there is now. Leaving town from Saturday to Monday, except at Easter or Whitsuntide, had not come into fashion, and the easy distance of Little Holland House made it no labor for even the busiest man to leave his

work or the affairs of the nation for a quiet hour or two of freshness and repose.

The improvements and greater facilities of life are constantly being pressed, perhaps a little obtrusively, upon our

Cornhill Magazine.

notice. May the young generation suffer their elders to remark that, with many gains, they have suffered a few losses—perhaps less insignificant ones than they imagine or would care to own.

THE RECOVERY OF FRANCE.

President Faure has been laid to rest with the outward dignity befitting the chief magistrate of a great commonwealth; and the Republic remains unshaken, and the peace of Paris practically undisturbed. The celerity with which his successor has been chosen would perhaps be modified under an ideal Constitution. But with France as she is, it carries with it the immense advantage that no time is given to would-be disturbers of the peace to organize a formidable counter-demonstration, even of the scum of Paris. Such disorder as has occurred is merely a matter for the police. The real question has been as to the behavior of the Army and the Pretenders. The latter have done nothing; the disaffected portion of the army or of its chiefs has had its game effectually spoilt for the present by the tomfoolery of M. Paul Deroulède. The would-be leaders of the French "patriots" have at last awakened in their followers that sense of the ridiculous which characterizes all Frenchmen but themselves. The stability of the Republic is vindicated, and France, for the present, is at peace.

President Loubet comes before the world as the choice of the whole mass of Republican France. Had he been the candidate only of a section of her defenders, his election would undoubtedly have given ground for the gravest apprehensions as to its future. As the "dark horse," coming to the front at the

fourth or fifth ballot by a coalition between rival Republican factions who could none of them carry their own leader, he would not have commanded the permanent support of Republicans in general, while some of the mud which Anti-Semites and Clericals have begun to throw at him even his own backers might have allowed to stick. But as the chosen representative of the whole body of Parliamentary Republicans, save the small section who joined with the Clericals in voting for M. Méline against that candidate's wish, he is invested with a dignity and a prestige such as his own reputation could scarcely yet command. He has appeared in French politics in the past as an honest, upright, but not particularly able or dexterous Minister, who did his best to restore peace during the Carmaux strike, and met the usual fate of those who try to please all parties alike. Since then he has been President of the Senate, but, though he has added to his reputation, the office is not one that necessarily trains a future President. His Presidential address is an honest attempt at pacification; at appeasing alike the fears of the sober partisans of the existing *régime*, and the indignation of the general public at the extension of the attacks on militarism and the General Staff to the honor of the army as a whole. He has begun his work well; but in this case the office and the electors make the Presi-

dent. It remains to be seen whether office will make the President in another sense, as it made Abraham Lincoln.

It may fairly be argued that what France wants at present is not a great man, who might develop into a dictator and a despot, but a capable, cool-headed, commonplace man of business, who will refrain from any step likely to rally the forces of sedition, and will assist the Ministry to gain time, to allow popular excitement to wear itself out, and give the rural population of France opportunity to reflect on the dangers which beset them. What those dangers are, the reactionaries, fortunately for France, never lose an opportunity of demonstrating to the public. The Duke of Orleans, who daily makes himself more impossible, displayed himself at the end of last week as the champion of the landed interest against capital; and so, without doing much to conciliate the peasantry, roused the hostility not only of the world of high finance, but of all the small capitalists of France. The Anti-Semites have shown in Algeria how they can wreck the prosperity of a province, and M. Max Régis has been opportunely convicted (unhappily, in his absence) and justly sentenced to a term of imprisonment for incitement to murder and civil war. A reaction worked by Generals, Clericals, and Anti-Semites, whatever Pretender may ultimately come to the top, can only lead to a tightening of the Clerical screw in the provinces, an increase of the military burdens of the nation, a general disturbance in the world of finance, and possibly a great war. And the memories of 1870 and 1877 are not effaced yet.

Happily, the action of the National Assembly has shown "Republican concentration" at its best. President Loubet is the candidate of all honest supporters of the only kind of Republic that France has yet been able to

work. The great need of France at present is that the rural population, hitherto misled by the "patriots" and the *Petit Journal*, shall see whither their legitimate, but misguided, determination to uphold "the honor of the army" is leading them. That population does not now make revolutions. Its apathy and ignorance have permitted Paris to make revolutions in the past. That, we firmly believe, has been all but impossible since 1870. The French peasantry and the smaller *bourgeoisie* have learnt the pleasure of holding office, and do not desire to go back to the Imperial period. And since then elections have been a reality, not a farce; and one open assault on the Republic has been repelled by the action of the electorate. That was two-and-twenty years ago, but the Republic has weathered hardly less grave storms since. It has survived the Boulangist panic; its institutions have come safely through scandal after scandal—the Grévy-Wilson scandals, the Panama imbroglio, the Southern Railway crisis—which was the occasion, though not the cause, of M. Casimir-Périer's fall. It has been hoped that the division of Republican and Reactionary might give place to a division between Conservative and Liberal. That hope, unfortunately, is at present suspended. But the confidence of the people in their Republic is firm. The State rests on the consent of the governed; and yet, as a highly-centralized machine, its administration is comparatively easy to secure and manipulate. Most fortunately, the efforts of the reactionaries to do this have been so obvious that the mass of the people are aware of their intentions and ready to support the Government in frustrating them. Indifferentism has always been the bane of French politics; but the heavy poll at the bye-election in the Marne last Sunday indicates that this is passing away. Doubtless there are some unex-

pected complications yet to be unravelled in the Dreyfus affair; and there are other dangers to follow. The Budget is three months in arrear; fiscal reform is urgent; the progressive income tax, whatever form it takes, may yet upset Ministries, and must discontent the well-to-do. For the moment the supreme need is to save the State: the next thing to be done is to get its Parliamentary machinery to practical work once more. It is regrettable, of course, that the most conspicuous of the Bills now pending should seem to threaten one of the most valued of French institutions. Yet even this Bill need not do much harm if it is so ap-

plied as to make the distinction it establishes between the Criminal Chamber and the full Court of Cassation a distinction not of trustworthiness or credit, but solely of function. But all minor questions have disappeared this week in the supreme question of the stability of the Republic. Unless there is an actual *pronunciamento* we believe that France is safe. We doubt, moreover, if a democratic army would give a very general response. And we cannot believe that the effects of such a response would be enduring. If they were, we should expect them to end in a series of disasters comparable only to those of 1870 and 1871.

The Academy.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Mine be the country life, content
With the mild ways that shepherds went,
Who, by a stream, cut reeds and blew
The country's praises in the dew.

To drive my silly sheep to feed
On the sweet herbage of the mead
Through all the sunny hours, and then
To fold them in to sleep again.

To know my flocks, to love my lambs,
All the sweet babes and their dams,
And see them leap to hear my call
From the sweet morn to evenfall.

Or by some pleasant river-side
To watch my kine stand dewy-eyed
Grateful to Him who brings to pass
The lilled water and sweet grass.

Or 'twixt the handles of a plough
Upon some purple upland's brow
To follow steaming steeds and see
God's beauty written on hill and lea.

This is the rustic's lot of bliss,
Which he of towns shall daily miss,
To see God's rainbow mercy bridge
The high heaven and the mountain ridge.

A Wonder of the Bird World.

My shepherd dog upon my knees
 His head shall rest for company
 In hours of leisure, and shall keep
 My wandering kine and straying sheep.

Shall taste my drink and share my bread,
 Milk from the kine myself had fed;
 Oat-cake and butter, golden-dyed
 As honey that my bees provide.

To market at the peep of day
 My way would wend with corn and hay.
 But sell no harmless, joyous life
 To cry against the butcher's knife.

Be mine to foster life instead,
 Bid life to leap on hill and mead,
 His humble image, Who once said
 "Let there be Life!" and Life was made.

Mine be the country way of peace,
 To tend maternal earth's increase;
 The sun's child, and the wind's, grown mild
 With tender mercies for their child.

The Spectator.

Katherine Tynan.

A WONDER OF THE BIRD WORLD.

To thoroughly enjoy books on natural history and angling, one should read them by the winter fireside. In the spring and summer days one wants not the books but the real thing. Richard Jefferies, though he used sometimes in boyhood to carry about with him a small copy of Shakespeare's poems found, what so many of us have found, that the sun puts out print as it puts out the fire. Rogers, it is true, exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "How delightful to lie in the grass on a summer's day with a book!" But Fox put in his "Why with a book?" We have lately been dipping leisurely into three books on natural history—Gilbert White's "Selborne," Mr. R. Kearnton's "Wild Life at Home" (Cassell's), and Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's "Wonders of the Bird World" (Gard-

ner and Darton). A hundred and ten years separate White from Mr. Kearnton and Mr. Sharpe, and it is not to be denied that there are other things besides time which may make it seem rather unkind in us to group them together. White remains unsurpassed and probably unsurpassable. His choicest word-pictures, such as those of the nightjars hawking about the trees of Selborne Hanger, of the male redstart which "affected neighborhoods," and liked to perch "on the vane of a tall may-pole," of the black-caps with their "full, sweet, deep, loud and wild pipe," have never been equalled by any writer on birds and their habits. White was a delightful naturalist, and he also happened to be a scholar and a true man of letters. Mr. Kearnton is the steeplejack among

writers on natural history. Ardent, indefatigable, and quite popular, he appears to be constantly dangling in mid-air, a sort of human windhover, and his camera is always with him. Sometimes he descends the perpendicular side of some terrible cliff; at others, nicely balances himself and his instrument on the top of the highest tree in the wood. Now he "snap-shots" a gannet on its eggs, and now the hole (or the place where there is known to be a hole) in which a woodpecker lays. Occasionally we less breathlessly follow him in his pursuit of what he is pleased to term "small deer;" after perhaps many cruel disappointments, he gets a pretty picture of an ermine moth or a meadow brown butterfly—*nascitur ridiculus mus!* Mr. Sharpe prefers less hazardous exploits. He lectures to his admirers, and the book of his referred to above is one of the results thereof. As Mr. Kearton's, it has plenty of popular, amusing ornithology, and is full of quotations. There has been a good deal of discussion in the Selborne Society's publication, and elsewhere, of late, respecting the question of whether or no the young cuckoo, whilst yet in its blind, naked infancy, does really turn out the eggs or young which share the nest with it. We hoped that Mr. Sharpe would include this among the "wonders of the bird world," and were not disappointed; he gives two accounts, one by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn and the other by a North-country naturalist, the late Mr. John Hancock. Both, though not now published for the first time, are of such interest and value that one feels one can conscientiously say that this book of Mr. Sharpe's has not been put together in vain.

In 1788 was published in the "Philosophical Transactions" an account of a series of very curious observations about the cuckoo, made by Dr. Jenner, of vaccination renown. Dr. Jenner re-

corded how on one occasion he had seen a young cuckoo, blind, and very recently hatched, eject both a young bird and an egg from the nest it occupied, and on another a prolonged contest, extending over a day, between two young cuckoos for a hedge-sparrow's nest, the bigger one only triumphing after many drawn battles. These and other similar accounts of his observations concerning the cuckoo roused the ire of Charles Waterton, one of the most delightful of all writers on English bird life, but not wanting in intolerance towards those whose views did not coincide with his own. In his charming essay on the jay, as elsewhere, Waterton poured ridicule on Jenner, and showed, to his own complete satisfaction, that a blind and naked young cuckoo could not possibly support its own weight, much less thrust out any rival occupants of the nest. Waterton's criticism and contempt naturally tended to bring Jenner's observations into some disrepute, and very recently, upon turning up the great physician's name in the "Dictionary of National Biography," we found the writer of the article on him accepting Waterton's views and explaining how Jenner "employed a boy, his nephew Henry, to make these observations, who, too indolent to watch, gave an imaginary report." We do not know what authority the writer has for this statement; but has he ever read the whole of the series of observations on the cuckoo contained in vol. lxxviii. of the "Philosophical Transactions?" Jenner must have kept that nephew of his pretty busy with all these cuckoos, and the nephew must have been a very ingenious young impostor to palm off on his uncle such clever stories—later on to be palmed off on the Royal Society.

Unfortunately, as it seems to us, for the author of this article on Jenner, and for Charles Waterton and other accep-

tics, "Jenner's preposterous account of the young cuckoo" exactly tallies with the observations of various careful observers of our own time. It is difficult to believe, if you have not actually seen the incident take place, that a blind and naked cuckoo, squatting with helpless aspect at the bottom of a hedge-sparrow's or pipit's nest, could fling out eggs or young birds. Only last year the writer found a young cuckoo in a nest already emptied of all save its little, monstrous self—and was tempted to doubt with Waterton. Nevertheless, the fact that the young cuckoo, whilst yet blind and naked, does eject its companions, may now be regarded as proved beyond a shadow of doubt. A friend of the writer's saw the thing done last season in the case of a young cuckoo in a sedge-warbler's nest, and then by any means not for the first time in his life. The legs of the cuckoo in its blind and naked infancy may not be able to support without props the weight of the body, but by combined movements of legs, wings and body, the bird does hoist up and eject from the nest of wagtail, hedge-sparrow, or pipit, both young birds and eggs; how it gets them out of the deeper nest of the reed-warbler one can scarcely conceive! The accounts given by Mrs. Blackburn and Mr. Hancock are far from being the only published statements by perfectly reliable witnesses who have seen with their own eyes, but they go into detail in a way that leaves little to be desired from the naturalist's point of view. Mrs. Blackburn saw a young cuckoo eject young meadow-pipits and meadow-pipits' eggs, the most strange feature of all being "the way in which the blind little monster made for the open side of the nest, the only part where it could throw its burden down the bank." The bird was "perfectly naked, without a vestige of a feather or even a hint of feathers; its eyes were not yet

opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of its head." Mr. Hancock's observations were made in even greater detail than Mrs. Blackburn's. His young cuckoo occupied a hedge-sparrow's nest, and he gives a very interesting account of the undistressed conduct of the mother whilst her foster-child was turning out her offspring. This young cuckoo gave signs that it felt seriously its great exertions, and the friend above mentioned tells us that his cuckoo in the sedge-warbler's nest kept "heaving terribly" after the close of each big effort. What neither Dr. Jenner nor Mrs. Blackburn nor Mr. Hancock, nor apparently any other observer, has been able to record, is the exact age at which the exertions of the young cuckoo commence. We know from Mrs. Blackburn's account that they commence within two days; but it is quite possible that the bird sets to work before it is actually forty-eight hours old. This is a matter which needs clearing up, and it may be settled next May or June, or at any rate, in the near future. Considering that more than a century has elapsed since Jenner placed on record the observations which so interested and delighted Gilbert White, it is very strange that the question has not been decided before now. Thanks to Jenner, Ray, and others, we have learnt something about the cuckoo since Gilbert White's day.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.

We know that the young cuckoo in its very callow infancy is in the habit of forcing eggs and young out of the nest it occupies; that the mother cuckoo, sometimes, at any rate, deposits her egg in the nest selected by means of her bill, and that she sometimes—though far from always—places in that selected nest an egg strangely similar in all save size to the eggs already

there. Various other deeply interesting matters relating to the economy of the bird are at present merely ripe for intelligent surmise. Some day, perhaps, there will arise a naturalist who will give up his life, or a large part of

it, to the cuckoo, as the admirable Swammerdam did to a few species of water insects, and then some of the sad gaps in the life-history, as we know it, of this fascinating bird, will be filled up.

The Saturday Review.

THE ENCORE.

The artist was playing the Fantasia of Schumann, wherethrough, as Schlegel's translator hath it, "there runs a note whose gentle tone is heard aright by him alone Who lists with care extreme."

"I have often tried," said the giggling woman behind me, "to get her to wear the usual things; but she's obstinate in her way."

The chivalrous man beside her who kept one polite ear for the giggle and borrowed the other occasionally for the music, was distressed by the *sforzandos* which seemed to hammer indecorously at the concrete mass within him which he mistook for the door of a delicate imagination.

"Wants sympathy; is a bit hard," he was heard to murmur.

In front of me the joke was evidently intense, though its contraband nature could be guessed from the startled blush on the face of the girl in shimmering green. It was a face that a photographer would have tilted, imparting to it the witchery of silly innocence: one might have pursued and lost the well-beloved a dozen times in an hour's scrutiny of its pretty coloring under lifted eyebrows, its paltry, vulgar mirth, its defiant yet pathetic embarrassment in detection. By her side was a girl in stripes of black who might have sat for Demureness personified. Her teeth and lips retreated as before some bullying kiss; an indolent

gentleness shone from her. Yet it was from her that proceeded the mirth-extorting glance which made the girl in green turn her head to the right, suffocating with the torment and delight of repressed laughter.

The singer was their quarry. She had come on in a pink satin skirt, answering shimmer for shimmer to the garb of the girl in green. Her small contralto seemed drowned in the loud chord of color.

The artist was playing in *modo duna leggendario*; a legend of long ago, when a man whose elated soul heard and rehearsed the melodies of an authentic optimism clouded and subtilized them, at his own whim made them harsh or delicate, thorned them with difficulties, forbade them to speak outright, and by allegiance to his own magical temperament eluded the understanding of the crowd.

The chivalrous listener grew sheepishly dissatisfied with his equivocal position. He continued to acquiesce, however, with the rippling fatness beside him which exuded criticism of the artist's bare arms: it was penetrating into the arcana of Art to sit next some one who had helped the singer to make up and could discuss the factitious merits of her eyebrows and complexion.

His conscience voiced an extenuating word: "She's a fine pianist."

A muffled peal from the girl in green, backed by a glint in the eyes of her

demure companion, who was gloating with secret relish over her perfidious disdain of music, rebuked him. It was a triple *forte*, representing to them mere piano-banging, which inspired their mirth. Earnest and self-possessed, thinking of nothing but music, the artist subsided on the common chord of C, and a sound of applause broke forth.

"She hasn't done yet," said the chivalrous man.

Somehow at this moment one knew him entirely. He had helped to rob us of Schumann, but he had disclosed himself. He was the typical sportsman: length was tedious, but great length was record-breaking, worth backing. He was in sympathy with Miss B.—she was beating the others.

The clarity of the triumphal march brought about no perceptible alleviation of the amused puzzlement of the faces around me; for a moment I was blind to them.

The fantastic, tripping passages of short notes, a sealed mystery to undedicated fingers, seemed to liberate space as though before fairy feet the stolid walls receded, amplifying the room for the roving fancy, creating avenues of

open doors, mellowing and vivifying the prodigious luminosity of the gilded room and dissolving the fixed stuffiness of the air.

Before me the demure girl convinced herself of delicacy by yawning into her palm.

The peroration came: for me suddenly, tamely. Human life, so persistent in its obtrusion, so determined not to refrain from exhibiting its most characteristic gestures or eclipse its imperious geniality for any music of God or man, dulled me to the happenings of the tone-world.

The end came, I say. Whereupon the chivalrous man said: "We ought to give her an encore, I think." And they did! These bored listeners, these clandestine gossips, these critics of clothes, deliberately protracted their sufferings, deliberately asked for one more message from that world of tone-poetry whose language meant nothing to them. And in the benediction of their amazing patronage, across the endless gulf that separates the artist's soul from the painstaking imitation of one, Schumann's interpreter bowed and withdrew.

The Academy.

A SONG OF SPRING.

The waters awake at last and the tawny meads grow green;

Clouds run over the sky and the air is wild with glee.

Who can doubt for a minute what all the stir may mean?

The Thrush goes flying up to the top of the poplar tree,

With a "Spring! Spring! Spring!

Pretty bird! Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" sings he.

Brave little points of palm begin to twinkle and gleam;

Frollicsome catkins volley gold-dust over the lea.

Earth is busy forgetting her weariful winter dream,

And loud and louder sings the Thrush high up in the poplar-tree,

With a "Pretty bird! Pretty bird! Pretty bird!

Spring! Spring! Spring!" sings he.

B. L. Vaughan.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

APRIL 1, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

"UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE."*

I happened about this time to be acting as president of an insurance company on Canal street. Summer was coming in again. One hot, sunny day, when the wind was high and gusty, the secretary was remarking to me what sad ruin it might work if fire should start among the frame tenement cottages which made up so many neighborhoods that were destitute of water-mains, when right at our ear the gong sounded for just such a region, and presently engine after engine came thundering and smoking by our open windows. Fire had broken out in the street where Manouvrier's new house stood, four squares from that house, but straight to windward of it.

We knew only too well, without being there to witness, that our firemen would find nothing with which to fight the flames except a few shallow wells of surface-water and the wooden rain-water cisterns above ground, and that both these sources were almost worthless owing to a drouth. I seemed to see streets populous with the sensation-seeking crowd: sidewalks and alleys filled with bedding, chairs, bureaus, baskets of crockery and calico clothing with lamps spilling into them, cheap looking-glasses unexpectedly answering your eye with the boldness of an outcast girl, broken tables, pictures of the Virgin, overturned stoves, and all

the dear mantel-piece trash which but an hour before had been the pride of the tolling housewife, and the adornment of the laborer's home.

* * * * *

I found the shop in St. Peter's street shut, and went on to the new residence. As I came near it, its beauty seemed to me to have consciously increased under the threatenings of destruction.

In the front gate stood the brother-in-law's widow, full of gestures and distressful smiles, as she leaned out with nervously folded arms and looked up and down the street. "Manouvrier? He is ad the fire since a whole hour. He will break his heart if dat fire ketch to dat 'ouse here. He cannot know 'ow 'tis in danger! Ah! sen' him word? I sen' him five time'—he sen' back I stay right there an' not touch nut'n! Ah! my God! I fine dat varrie te-de-ous, me, yass!"

"Is his wife with him?"

"Assuredly. You see, dey git 'frald 'bout dat 'ouse of de Sister', you know?"

"No; where is it?"

"No? You dunno dat lill' 'ouse where de Sister' keep dose orphellin' ba-bee'—juz big-inning sinse 'bout two week ago—round de corner—one square mo' down town—'alf square mo' nearer de swamp? Well, I think 'f you pass yondeh you fine Pastropbon."

Through smoke, under falling cinders, and by distracted and fleeing households I went. The moment I turned the second corner I espied the house. It was already half a square

* From *Strong Hearts*. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price, \$1.25.

from the oncoming fire, but on the northern side of the street, just out of its probable track and not in great danger except from sparks. But it was old and roofed with shingles: a decrepit Creole cottage sitting under dense cedars in a tangle of rose and honeysuckle vines, and strangely beautified by a flood of smoke-dimmed yellow sunlight.

As I hurried forward, several men and boys came from the opposite direction at a run, and an engine followed them, jouncing and tilting across the sidewalk opposite to the little asylum, into a yard, to draw from a fresh well. Their leader was a sight that drew all eyes. He was coatless and hatless; his thin cotton shirt, with its sleeves rolled up to the elbows, was torn almost off his shaggy breast; his trousers were drenched with water, and a rude bandage round his head was soaked with blood. He carried an axe. The throng shut him from my sight, but I ran to the spot and saw him again standing before the engine horses, with his back close to their heads. A strong, high board fence shut them off from the ell, and against it stood the owner of the property, pale as death, guarding the precious water with a shotgun at full cock. I heard him say:

"The first fellow that touches this fence—"

But he did not finish. Quicker than his gun could flash and bang harmlessly in the air the man before him had dropped the axe and leaped upon him with the roar of a lion. The empty gun flew one way and its owner another, and almost before either struck the ground the axe was swinging and crashing into the fence.

As presently the engine rolled through the gap and shouting men backed her to the edge of the well, the blix axeman paused to wipe the streaming sweat from his begrimed face with his arm. I clutched him.

"Manouvrier!"

A smile of recognition shone for an instant, and vanished as I added:

"Come to your own house! Come, you can't save it here!"

He turned a quick, wild look at the fire, seized me by the arm, and with a gaze of deepest gratitude, asked:

"You tryin' save her?"

"I'll do anything I can."

"Oh, dass right!" His face was full of mingled joy and pain. "You go yondeh—mek yo' possible." We were hurrying to the street—"Oh, yass, faw God's sake go, mek yo' possible!"

"But, Manouvrier, you must come too! Where's your wife? The chief danger to your house isn't here, it's where the fire's between it and the wind."

His answer was a look of anguish. "Good God! my fran'. We come yondeh so quickly as we can! But—*foudre tonnerre!*—look that house here fill' with ba-bee! What we goin' do? Those Sister' can't climb on roof with bocket' wateh. You see I got half-dozen boy' up yondeh; if I go 'way they dis-cend and run off at the fire, spark fall on roof an'—" his thumb flew out.

"Sparks! Heavens! Manouvrier, your house is in the path of the flames!"

The man flew at me and hung over me, his strong locks shaking, his great black fist uplifted, and the only tears in his eyes I ever saw there. "Damnes-sion! She's not mine. I trade her to God faw these one! Go! tell him she's his; he kin burn her if he feel like!" He gave a half laugh, fresh witness of his distress, and went into the gate of the asylum.

I smiled—what could I do?—and was turning away, when I saw the chief of the fire department. It took but one moment to tell him my want, and in another he had put the cottage roof under the charge of four of his men, with instructions not to leave it till the danger was past of the house

burning. The engine near us had drawn the well dry and was coming away. He met it, pointed to where, beneath swirling billows of black smoke, the pretty gable of the taxidermist's house shone like a white sail against a thundercloud, gave orders and disappeared.

The street was filling with people. A row of cottages across the way was being emptied. The crackling flames were but half a square from Manouvrier's house. I called him once more to come. He waved his hand kindly to imply that he knew what I had done. He and his wife were in the Sisters' front garden walk, conversing eagerly with the Mother Superior. They neared the gate. Suddenly the Mother Superior went back, the lay-sister guarding the gate let the pair out and the three of us hurried off together.

We found ourselves now in the uproar and vortex of the struggle. Only at intervals could we take our attention from the turmoil that impeded or threatened us, to glance forward at the white gable or back—as Manouvrier persisted in doing—to the Sisters' cottage. Once I looked behind and noticed, what I was loath to tell, that the firemen on its roof had grown busy; but as I was about to risk the truth, the husband and wife, glancing at their own roof, in one breath groaned aloud. Its gleaming gable had begun to smoke.

"Ah! that good God have pity on us!" cried the wife, in tears; but as she started to run forward I caught her arm and bade her look again. A strong, white stream of water was falling on the smoking spot and it smoked no more.

The next minute, with scores of others, choking and blinded with the smoke, we were flying from the fire. The wind had turned.

"It is only a gust," I cried, "it will swing round again. We must turn the

next corner and reach the house from the far side." I glanced back to see why my companions lagged, and lo! they had vanished.

I reached the house just in time to save its front grounds from the invasion of the rabble. The wind had not turned back again. The brother-in-law's widow was offering prayers of thanksgiving. The cisterns were empty and the garden stood glistening in the afternoon sun like a May queen drenched in tears; but the lovely spot was saved.

I left its custodian at an upper window, looking out upon the fire, and started once more to find my friends. Half-way round to the Sisters' cottage I met them. With many others I stepped aside to make a clear way for the procession they headed. The sweet, clean wife bore in her arms an infant; the tattered, sooty, bloody-headed husband bore two; and after them, by pairs and hand in hand, with one gray sister in the rear, came a score or more of pink-frocked, motherless little girls. An amused rabble of children and lads hovered about the diminutive column, with leers and jests and happy antics; and the wife smiled foolishly and burned red with her embarrassment; but in the taxidermist's face shone an exaltation of soul greater than any I had ever seen. I felt too petty for such a moment, and hoped he would go by without seeing me; but he smiled an altogether new smile and said:

"My fran', God Almighty, he know a good bargain well as anybody!" I ran ahead, with no more shame of the crowd than Zaccheus of old. I threw open the gate, bounded up the steps and spread wide the door. In the hall, the widow, knowing naught of this, met me with wet eyes, crying:

"Ah! Ah! de 'ouse of de orphelin' is juz blaze up h-all over h-at once!" and hushed in amazement as the procession entered the gate.

P. T. B. MANOUVRIER,
TAXIDERMIST.

When the fire was out the owner of that sign went back to his shop and to his work, and his wife sat by him sewing as before. But the orphans stayed in their new and better home. Two or three years ago the Sisters--the brother-in-law's widow is one of them--built a large addition behind;

but the house itself stands in the beauty in which it stood on that day of destruction, and my friend always leaves his work on balmy afternoons in time to go with his wife and see that pink procession, four times as long now as it was that day, march out the gate and down the street for its daily walk.

"Ah! Pastropbon, we got ba-bee enough presently, en't it?"

TRIALS OF A MAN OF LETTERS.*

(Extract from a letter written by Petrarch to the Abbot of St. Benigno.)

I have just told you something of my condition and of my indefatigable brain, but I will tell you now an incident which may surprise you even more, and will at the same time prove the truth of what I have said. It happened at a time when, after a long period of neglect, I had just taken up my "Africa" again, and that with an ardor like that of the African sun itself. This is the task which, if anything will help me, I trust may some time moderate or assuage my insatiable thirst for work. One of my very dearest friends, seeing that I was almost done for with my immoderate toll, suddenly asked me to grant him a very simple favor. Although I was unaware of the nature of his request, I could not refuse one who I knew would ask nothing except in the friendliest spirit. He thereupon demanded the key of my cabinet. I gave it to him, wondering what he would do, when he proceeded to gather together and lock up carefully all my books and writing materials. Then, turning away, he prescribed ten days

of rest, and ordered me, in view of my promise, neither to read nor write during that time. I saw his trick; to him I now seemed to be resting, although in reality I felt as if I were bound hand and foot. That day passed wearily, seeming as long as a year. The next day I had a headache from morning till night. The third day dawned and I began to feel the first signs of fever, when my friend returned, and seeing my plight, gave me back my keys. I quickly recovered, and seeing that I lived on work, as he expressed it, he never repeated his request.

Is it then true that this disease of writing, like other malignant disorders, is, as the Satirist claims, incurable, and, as I begin to fear, contagious as well? How many, do you reckon, have caught it from me? Within our memory, it was rare enough for people to write verses. But now there is no one who does not write them: few indeed write anything else. Some think that the fault, so far as our contemporaries are concerned, is largely mine. I have heard this from many, but I solemnly declare, as I hope some time to be granted immunity from the other ills of the soul--for I look for more from

* From Petrarch: *The First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters*. By James Harvey Robinson, with the collaboration of Henry Winchester Rolfe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

this—that I am now at last suddenly awakened for the first time by warning signs to a consciousness that this may perhaps be true; while intent only upon my own welfare, I may have been unwittingly injuring, at the same time, myself and others. I fear that the reproaches of an aged father, who unexpectedly came to me, with a long face and almost in tears, may not be without foundation. "While I," he said, "have always honored your name, see the return you make in compassing the ruin of my only son." I stood for a time in embarrassed silence, for the age of the man and the expression of his face, which told of great sorrow, went to my heart. Then, recovering myself, I replied, as was quite true, that I was unacquainted either with him or his son. "What matters it," the old man answered, "whether you know him or not. He certainly knows you. I have spent a great deal in providing instruction for him in the civil law, but he declares that he wishes to follow in your footsteps. My fondest hopes have been disappointed, and I presume that he will never be either a lawyer or a poet." At this neither I nor the others present could refrain from laughter, and he went off none the better humored. But now I recognize that this merriment was ill-timed, and that the poor old man deserved our consolation, for his complaints and his reproaches were not ungrounded. Our sons formerly employed themselves in preparing such papers as might be useful to themselves or their friends, relating to family affairs, business, or the wordy din of the courts. Now we are all engaged in the same occupation, and it is literally true, as Horace says, "Learned or unlearned, we are all writing verses alike."

It is after all but a poor consolation to have companions in misery. I should prefer to be ill by myself. Now I am involved in others' ill-fortune as

well as in my own, and am hardly given time to take breath. For every day letters and poems from every corner of our land come showering down upon my devoted head. Nor does this satisfy my foreign friends. I am overwhelmed by floods of missives, no longer from France alone, but from Greece, from Germany, from England. I am unable to judge even my own work, and yet I am called upon to be the universal critic of others. Were I to answer the requests in detail, I should be the busiest of mortals. If I condemn the composition, I am a jealous carper at the good work of others; if I say a good word for the thing, it is attributed to a mendacious desire to be agreeable; if I keep silence altogether, it is because I am a rude, pert fellow. They are afraid, I infer, that my disease will not make way with me promptly enough. Between their goading and my own madness I shall doubtless gratify their wishes.

* * * * *

I am in a rage if I stay at home, and yet hardly dare nowadays to venture into the street. If I do, wild fellows rush up from every side and seize upon me, asking advice, giving me suggestions, disputing and fighting among themselves. They discover meanings in the poets of which the Mantuan shepherd, or the old blind man of Mœonia, never dreamed. I became more and more irritated, and at last begin to fear I may be dragged off before a magistrate for breaking the peace.

But how I am running on! I have spun a whole letter out of mere trifles. I have just arrived here,¹ and will await you as long as I possibly can. I know not whether it be that the air here renders the mind less susceptible to foreign impressions, or whether this "closed valley" does, as its name indicates, shut out alien preoccupations, but certain it is that, although I have

¹ At Vauchuse.

from my earliest manhood spent many years here, none of the inhabitants have yet become poets through contagious contact with me, with the sole exception of one of my farm-hands. Although advanced in years he, as Persius hath it, is beginning to dream on

the two-peaked Parnassus. If the disease spreads I am undone. Shepherds, fishermen, hunters, ploughboys,—all would be carried away, even the cows would low in numbers and ruminate sonnets. Do not forget me. Farewell.

KINSMEN.*

The feast went off capitally. Music, singing, the clinking of glasses, and merry discourse were mingled together into a joyous hubbub. There was not a single guest who, so long as he still had full possession of his tongue, did not call down blessings on the head of the master of the house. And he, too, was in an excellent humor, and his face beamed, though he drank far less wine than usual. Evening had now fallen. The heydukes brought in large candelabras, the clinking of glasses went on uninterruptedly. At that moment the rumbling of a carriage was audible in the court-yard.

The fiscal had returned from his mission—but alone.

Master Jock sank back dejectedly in his chair when he learnt from the mouth of the messenger that Abellino really could not come, because he was sick: but he had sent what he promised, all the same—a birthday gift to his dear uncle, with the hearty wish that he might find his greatest joy therein.

It was as much as six strapping fellows could do to bring in the long box which contained the birthday gift, and they hauled it on to the table so that all the guests might see it.

The four ends of the box were fastened down by strong iron clamps, and

these had to be removed with the aid of strong pincers.

What could there be in this box? The guests laid their heads together about it, but not one of them could guess.

Suddenly all four clamps burst asunder, the four sides of the box fell aside in four different directions, and there on the table stood—a covered coffin!

A cry of indignation resounded from every corner of the room.

A pretty present for a seventieth birthday! A black coffin covered with a velvet pall: at the head of it the ancient escutcheon of the Kárpáthy family, and on the side, picked out with large silver nails, the name—J-o-h-n K-á-r-p-á-t-h-y.

Horror sealed every mouth, only a wall of grief was audible—a heavy, sobbing cry, like that of a wild beast stricken to the heart. It came from the lips of old John Kárpáthy, who had thus been so cruelly derided. When he beheld the coffin, when he read his own name upon it, he had leaped from his chair, stretched out his arms, his face the while distorted by a hideous grin, and those who watched him beheld his features gradually turning a dreadful blue. It was plain, from the trembling of his lips, that he wanted to say something; but the only sound that came from them was a long-drawn-out, painful rattle. Then he raised his hands to heaven, and suddenly striking his forehead with his two

* From *A Hungarian Nabob*. By Dr. Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Doubleday and McClure Company, publishers. Price, \$1.25.

sists, sank back into his chair with wide-open, staring eyes.

The blood froze in the veins of all who saw the sight. For a few moments nobody stirred. But then a wild hubbub arose among the guests, and while some of them rushed towards the magnate and helped to carry him to bed, others went to fetch the doctors. The coffin had already been removed from the table.

The terrified army of guests was not long in scattering in every direction. Late that night all the roads leading from the castle of Kárpáthy were thronged with coaches speeding onwards at a gallop. Terror and Hope were the only guests left behind in the castle itself. But the rockets still continued to mount aloft from the blazing fireworks and write the name "Kárpáthy" in the sky in gigantic fiery letters visible from afar.

* * * * *

Now, what more natural than that the mob of breathless, departing guests should lose no time in presenting their respects, and paying their court to the heir-presumptive of the vast possessions of the Kárpáthy family, his Honor Abellino Kárpáthy?

They had all seen John Kárpáthy sink back in his chair, stricken by apoplexy. He had not died on the spot, it is true; yet he was as good as dead, anyhow, and there were many who carried their friendly sympathy with his highly respected nephew so far as to urge him vehemently to hasten at once—yes, that very night—to Kárpátfalva, take possession and seal up everything, to prevent any surreptitious filching of his property. But the young Squire was suspicious of all premature rumors, and resolved to bide his time, await more reliable information, and only put in an appearance on receiving news of the funeral. Early next morning the Dean arrived to greet him. The very reverend gentleman had remained

behind at Kárpátfalva last of all, in order to make sure that Master Jock really signed the codicil in favor of the college in which he was interested. He brought the melancholy intelligence that the old gentleman had not indeed actually given up the ghost, but was certainly very near the last gasp, inasmuch as it was now quite impossible to exchange a reasonable word with him, which signified that the Dean had been unable to get him to subscribe the codicil.

The Dean was followed the same day by a number of agents and stewards attached to the Kárpáthy domains, who hastened to introduce themselves to his Excellency, the heir and their future patron. They brought still further particulars of the bodily condition of the expiring head of the family. A village barber had bled him, whereupon he had somewhat recovered his senses. They had then proposed to send for a doctor, but he had threatened to shoot the man down if he crossed his threshold. The barber was to remain, however. He had more confidence in him, he said, because he would not dare to kill him. He would take no medicine, nor would he see a soul, and Mike Kis was the only person who had admittance to his room. But he could not possibly last longer than early to-morrow morning, of that they were all quite certain.

Abellino regarded the appearance of the agents and stewards as of very good augury: it showed that they already regarded him as their master, to whom homage was justly due. On the following day a whole host of managers, cashiers, scribes, shepherds, tenants, and other small fry arrived to recommend themselves to Abellino's favor. The moments of their old master, they said, were most assuredly numbered. None of them could promise him so much as another day of life.

On the third day the heydukes and

doorkeepers also migrated over in a body to Abellino, who began to be exasperated at so much flattery. So he spoke to them curtly enough, and on learning from them that henceforth they would regard him as their earthly Providence, inasmuch as his uncle was by this time drawing his last breath, he suddenly announced that he was about to introduce a series of radical reforms among the domestics attached to the Kárpáthy estate, the first of which was that every maleservant who wore a moustache was to instantly extirpate it as an indecent excrescence. The stewards and factors obeyed incontinently, only one or two of the heydukes refused to make themselves hideous; but when he began to promise the lower servants also four imperial ducats a head if they did their duty, they also proceeded to snip off what they had hitherto most carefully cherished for years and years.

On the fourth day, of all his good friends, officials, domestics, and buffoons, Mike Kis, Martin the former Whitsun King, Master Varga the estate agent, Palko the old heyduke, and Vidra the gypsy, were the only persons who remained with John Kárpáthy as he stood at Death's ferry. Even the poet Gyárfás had deserted him, and hastened to congratulate the new patron.

On the fifth day there was nobody to bring away tidings from Kárpáthy Castle: perchance they were already engaged in burying the unfortunate wretch.

On the sixth day, however, a horseman galloped into Abellino's courtyard, whom they immediately recognized as Martin.

As he dismounted from his horse the steward of the Pukkancs estate, one of the first deserters, looked down from the tower, and, smiling broadly, cried out to him—

"Well, so you have come, too, eh,

Martin, my son? What news from Kárpátfalva?"

He had come, of course, to invite the gentlemen to the funeral. That was the most natural supposition.

"I have brought a letter to you, Mr. Bailiff," said Martin, nonchalantly; and to the great disgust of the steward, he did not even doff his cap before Abellino, who was standing on the balcony.

"Look to your cap, you bumpkin! Why don't you doff it, sirrah? Who sent this letter?"

At the first question Martin only shrugged his shoulders; in answer to the second he replied that the steward of the estate had given it to him.

The bailiff broke open the letter, and green wheels danced before his eyes as he peered into it. The letter, which was in old John Kárpáthy's own handwriting, begged to inform the bailiffs, heydukes, and domestics assembled round Abellino that he had so far recovered as to be able to rise from his bed and write them a letter, and that he was very glad to hear that they had found so much better a master than himself, for which reason he advised them to remain where they were, for on no account were they to think of coming back to him.

The bailiff pulled the sort of face a man would naturally have who was compelled to make merry on a diet of crab-apples, and as he had no desire to keep the joyful intelligence all to himself, he passed the letter on from hand to hand amongst his colleagues, the other bailiffs, factors, doorkeepers, shepherds, scribes, and heydukes, till it had gone the round of them all. Under similar circumstances men often find a great consolation in twirling their moustaches; but now, alas; there was not a single moustache to twirl among the lot of them. They had neither places nor moustaches left. Some of them scratched their heads, some burst

into tears, others cursed and swore. In their first fury they knew not which to turn upon first, Abellino for not inheriting, or Master Jock for not dying as he ought to have done. To make such fools of so many innocent men! It was scandalous!

Abellino was the last to whom, with

tearful faces, they carried the glad tidings. The philosophical youth, who happened at that moment to be sipping an egg beaten up in his tea, received the intelligence with the utmost *sang-froid*.

"*Enfin!*" cried he, "I verily believe the old chap means to live forever!"

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

A SONG OF THREE SEASONS.*

When the smell from off the Sea is the best of things that be,
And the nackered Night lies ready for a kiss:
When the Rose's crimson choir chants the treble of desire
To the distance-sifted violings of bliss:
When Delight is a flashing pageantry:
This is the Time of Life to Be.

For this is the Time to Be, my lads:
Here's a cup to the Time to Be.
And here's to a rout with a hoyden star,
For the heart is moored to a moonbeam bar,
Toss it off—to the Time to Be.

When the Fates from out their path turn the phials of their
wrath,
And the Sturdy get a buffet from behind:
When we know that gins are laid, and in silent ambuscade
They are marshalling—the Demons and their kind:
When the stars seem strange that once we knew:
This is the Time of Life to Do.

Yes! this is the Time to Do, Strong Hearts,
In silence—the Time to Do.
Here's the teeth set firm and the long sword bared,
With never a thought how the Others fared—
Glass up now—the Time to Do!

When we huddle to the fire and watch them piling higher
The last feeble sand-leeves in the glass:

* From *Songs of Good Fighting*. By Eugene R. White. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.00.

The Tartar.

When the rabble crowds without, with a jostle and a shout,
 Are singing of Life's largesse as they pass:
 When the Wind has blurred the trail through the snow:
 This is the Time of Life to Know.

Ah, this is the Time to Know, Old Friend,
 Will ye pledge it—the Time to Know?
 For the shrouded minutes are ticking short,
 And a lone dog howls in the Inner Court—
 Here's a last one—the Time to Know!

 THE TARTAR.*

The wind from East to South has shifted,
 The Sea's gone down and the clouds are rifted,
 And broad on the larboard bow are seen
 A full-rigged ship and a brigantine,
 With a topsail schooner in between—
 All bound to London Town.

The ship with a golden freight is freighted,
 The old brigantine with coal is weighted,
 The schooner's a slippery privateer,
 With rogulsh rig and a saucy sheer—
 Her cargo is guns and hearts of cheer—
 All bound to London Town.

A Frenchman out of old Brest is cruising,
 "A chance," says he, "there's no refusing.
 I will drive that privateer away:
 The ship and the brig will be my prey,
 For we don't meet prizes every day—
 All bound to London Town."

Then, crowding sail, on the wind he hurried:
 The ship and the brig they worried and scurried.
 The privateer, with her canvas short,
 Just showed a muzzle at every port,
 For she'd a crew of the fighting sort—
 When bound to London Town.

The Frenchman tacked the weather gauge after:
 The privateer cut the sea abaft her:
 Before she had time to ease a turn

* From *Songs of Sea and Sail*. By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Company.

They drove a broadside into her stern,
For fighting's a trade one's apt to learn—
When bound to London Town.

Then side by side with their guns they pounded,
Till catching a puff the schooner rounded,
And ere they had way to do the like,
She laid them aboard with blade and pike,
So what could the Brestman do but strike—
And go to London Town?

The wind from East to the South has shifted,
The sea's gone down and the clouds are rifted,
And broad on the larboard bow are seen
A privateer and a brigantine,
With a captured Frenchman in between—
All bound to London Town.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The title of Prince Kropotkin's forthcoming contribution to the science of economics is "Fields, Factories and Workshops."

A new and enlarged edition of James L. Ford's clever book, "The Literary Shop," is promised by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant," edited by Mrs. Coghill, will be published immediately by the Blackwoods.

An elaborate treatise on "The Religion of Shakespeare" is promised from the pen of Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Brompton Oratory.

The fifth volume of Prof. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is nearly ready from the press of D. Appleton & Co. It covers the period from 1821 to 1837.

Lily Dougall's "The Mormon Prophe-

et" (D. Appleton & Co. publishers) is an historical novel, in which the chief interest attaches to the striking portraiture of the character of Joseph Smith.

The Macmillans promise a compact one-volume edition of the Memoir of Lord Tennyson, at a price which will doubtless put it into the hands of thousands of readers to whom the price of the earlier edition was prohibitive.

Mr. George W. Cable's "Strong Hearts" will be welcomed with eager interest by all who recall Mr. Cable's earlier stories of Creole life, and who regret that he has not written more of late years. Mr. Cable's book contains three novelettes of life in New Orleans, and it is published by the Scribners.

The English literary papers are indulging in a little quiet mirth over the fact that the gifted young author of "Via Lucis," who, according to her publisher's advance announcements,

proposed to immure herself in a convent before the book was published, has so far revised her purpose as to become the bride of her publisher.

That an American writer, even though previously little known, is sometimes quickly taken up in England, is shown by the fact that seven English publishers are issuing editions of Mr. C. M. Sheldon's little volume, "In His Steps."

Mr. Morley tells his constituents that his work on the Life of Mr. Gladstone will not lessen his attention to parliamentary affairs; but the fact is recalled that the volume on Chatham, which Mr. Morley promised for the series of Twelve English Statesmen ten years ago is still unwritten, and the series therefore a misnomer, as it contains and is likely to contain only eleven volumes, unless some other biographer is secured for Chatham.

Among the foremost of those who in the last half-century have been widely known as preachers of the old religion of India, the religion founded on the Veda, was the recluse who is the subject of Prof. F. Max Müller's latest book, which bears the title "Râmakrishna: His Life and Sayings." This biography is an appreciative study of a most peculiar life, and it purports to have been written for the special enlightenment of statesmen, missionaries and students of philosophy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers).

Mr. Hornung's story of "The Amateur Cracksman," of which Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers, is almost as ingenious and exciting as the Sherlock Holmes stories, with this difference: that the book is written from the point of view, not of the clever detective, but of the highly accomplished criminal, whose dashing

career might exercise a dangerous fascination if it were taken as an example.

A rash critic in *The Academy* announced the other day of "John Halifax, Gentleman" that "It is dead, and its destiny is limbo." Thereupon the English publishers of Mrs. Craik's books announced that their sales of "John Halifax" last year reached 24,190 copies. There are a good many modern-day novels which their authors and publishers would be pleased to see so much alive as that.

A critical quatrain, exalting Poe and depreciating other American poets, has been widely circulated in this country, credited to Austin Dobson. The *Athenæum* announces on Mr. Dobson's authority that the quatrain is a forgery, of the origin of which he knows nothing. Rather oddly, *The Academy* of the same date with the number of *The Athenæum* containing this disclaimer, printed the quatrain itself, still credited to Mr. Dobson.

It will surprise most people to learn that there are half a million people in the United States who speak the Yiddish language, and that there is a considerable literature in this language worthy the attention of the literary historian. Professor Leo Wiener's "The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century," which the Scribners have in press, will give some examples of this literature, which is reputed to be especially strong in poetry and the drama.

The literary critic of *The New York Commercial Advertiser* comments upon the fashion of recent writers of borrowing titles from *The Rubáiyát*. For example, there is Mr. Le Gallienne's "If I Were God;" Kate Jordan's novel "A Circle in the Sand," recently pub-

lished by Lamson, Wolfe & Co.; and a novelette entitled "And Then Came Spring," which E. Herrick & Co. have in press.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries, upon whose hands, it would seem, time must have hung heavily, has made a laborious calculation of the number of lines, words and letters in each of Shakespeare's plays. The shortest is the "Comedy of Errors," with 14,438 words; then come "The Tempest," "Macbeth," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," with from 16,000 to 17,000 words each. The longest is "Hamlet," with 3,930 lines and 29,492 words, and 120,050 letters.

Dr. Conan Doyle's latest novel "A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus" (D. Appleton & Co., publishers), is neither in the Sherlock-Holmes vein, nor of the historical-romance type. It is an attempt to portray married life, and to describe the humors and incidents of the domestic experiences of a young couple of the middle class. This is rather hazardous ground, and there will be curiosity to see how Dr. Doyle succeeds in his enterprise.

The Spectator, commenting on the general excellence of the Temple Classics and suggesting certain volumes which might fittingly be added to them, says:

Lastly, as true examples of classical English in the best sense, we would have a volume of Abraham Lincoln's letters and speeches. Mr. Lincoln's use of our language has never been surpassed by any English-speaking statesman. He had dignity, vigor, and passion in the highest degree, and yet he was never pompous, forced, or theatrical.

The London Daily News tells a pleasing story of a Town Council which, sit-

ting in committee as the Burial Board to improve proposed inscriptions on grave-stones, considered the application of the friends of a deceased person to have four lines from Tennyson inscribed on the stone. The clerk duly read the following from "Crossing the Bar:"

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me:

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea.

A Councillor said: "I object. That's what I call doggery;" and the Council ruled it out.

A correspondent of The Westminster Gazette has found this interesting parallel between a passage in Mr. Browning's first love letter to his wife, January 10, 1848, and two stanzas of his poem "By the Fireside," written much later:

You were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's-wonder in chapel or crypt, *only a screen to push* and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it seems, *slight and just sufficient bar* to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles and the sight was never to be.

Had she willed it, still had stood the screen,

So slight, so sure 'twixt my love and her.

I could fix her face with a guard between,

And find her soul as when friends confer—

Friends, lovers that might have been.

And, again, a few lines below:

A moment after and hands unseen

Were hanging the night around us fast,

But we knew that a bar was broken between

Life and life, we were mixed at last, In spite of the mortal screen.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- African Sun, Under the.** By W. J. Anson, M.D., LL. D., etc. Wm. Heinemann, publisher.
- All Sorts and Conditions of Women.** By Charles Burt Banks. Elliot Stock, publisher.
- Armorial Families: a Directory of Some Gentlemen of Coat Armor, Showing Which Arms in use at the Moment are Borne by Legal Authority.** Compiled and Edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies. T. C. and L. C. Jack, publishers.
- Bacteriology, The Principles of.** By Dr. Ferdinand Huppe. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., publishers.
- Brain-Machine, The: Its Power and Weakness.** By Sir George Nichols, K. C. B. J. and A. Churchill, publishers.
- Cathedrals, English, Illustrated.** By Francis Bond, M.A. G. Newnes, publisher.
- Cuba, In, with Shafter.** By John D. Miley. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Dale, R. W., of Birmingham, The Life of.** By his Son. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers.
- Dear Irish Girl, The.** By Katharine Tynan. Smith, Elder & Co., publishers.
- Down the Stream of Civilization.** By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. George Newnes (Limited), publishers.
- Epistle to the Hebrews, Theology of the.** By George Milligan. T. & T. Clark, publishers.
- Everglades, Across the: A Canoe Journey of Exploration.** By Hugh L. Willoughby. J. M. Dent & Company, publishers.
- Ferrier, Susan, Memoir of.** By John A. Doyle. John Murray, publisher.
- Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes.** By A. M. F. Longmans & Co., publishers.
- Heather Field, The, and Maeve.** Duckworth & Co., publishers.
- Hungarian Nabob, A.** By Dr. Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Doubleday & McClure Company, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Joubert: A Selection from his Thoughts.** Translated by Katherine Lyttleton. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Duckworth & Co., publishers.
- London Government.** By Frederick Whelen. Grant Richards, publisher.
- Morland, George.** By J. T. Nettleship. Portfolio Series. Seeley & Co., publishers.
- New Leviathan, The: or, The World at Peace.** By J. A. Farrer. Elliot Stock, publisher.
- Peking, From, to Petersburg.** By Arnot Reid. Edward Arnold, publisher.
- Rāmakrishna, his Life and Sayings.** By the Right Hon. F. Max Muller, K. M. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Religion, Four Key-Words of.** By William Reed Huntington, D. D. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Cloth, 50 cents, paper, 25 cents.
- Round the World on a Wheel.** By John Foster Fraser. Methuen & Co., publishers.
- Sermons for Christian Seasons.** By J. H. Bernard, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers.
- Song of the Golden Bough, The: and Other Poems.** By Caryl Battersby. Archibald Constable, publisher.
- Songs of Sea and Sail.** By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Company.
- Strong Hearts.** By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Trente et Quarante.** By Edmond About. Edward Arnold, publisher.
- Veteran, a, The Autobiography of.** By General Count Enrico della Rocca. Translated by Janet Ross. T. Fisher Unwin, publisher.
- Window in Paris, A.** By Marianne Farningham. James Clarke & Co., publishers.



This is a

FLY'S FOOT

one of the thousands of interesting and instructive things which may be examined by any one with this microscope



Magnifies 180 diameters (32,400 times).

A First-Class MICROSCOPE

And Outfit for Work for

\$16.00

A Reliable Scientific Instrument

**Just the Thing for Winter Evenings
as well as Summer Afternoons**

An inexhaustible mine of amusement and information for young and old. Easy to use. Perfect optical results. "One may use the microscope a lifetime and never look at the same thing twice."

Outfit consists of microscope as shown, twelve prepared objects, such as fly's wing, foot of insect, etc., book describing and illustrating 1,000 common microscopic objects, glass slides, and covers for mounting objects, forceps, etc.

Microscopes, all prices, up to \$500.00

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO

The....

International

A monthly illustrated magazine for cultured people at the prevailing popular price.

SELF-INSTRUCTION FRENCH LESSONS

Prepare for the great Paris Exposition Universal of 1900.

SELF-INSTRUCTION SPANISH LESSONS

For wideawake business men and women.

THE GRAPHOPHONE—Talking Machine

A marvellous language teacher—introduced by us. Our language courses are complete in themselves, but with the talking machine as teacher they are peerless.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE

Aguinaldo, Sienkiewicz, desuetude? "Current Words" tells you and keeps you posted as to new words and phrases.

A. T. H. BROWER, Ed. & Prop'r.

10 cts. a copy.
25 cts. a quarter.
\$1.00 a year.

358 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

THE JEWISH MESSENGER.

Forty-third Year.

An Organ of

**American Judaism
and General Culture.**

**Broad,
Kindly,
Alert,
Progressive.**

Edited by ABRAM S. ISAACS.

Terms \$3.00 a year.

Address

THE JEWISH MESSENGER,

2 West 14th Street, New York City.

Immortality.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Author and Lecturer, edits the above Magazine, which is published for the *Order of the White Rose*. It is a quarterly of fifty pages, and is metaphysical. Contributors: Annie Besant, W. J. Colville, Franz Hartmann, Cora L. V. Richmond, Jerome A. Anderson, Swami Saradananda, and Abhayananda. All articles written under inspiration and illumination. Subscription one dollar a year; single or sample copies, 25 cts.

Clairvoyance,

Its Nature, Law and Unfoldment.

How to unfold the Clairvoyant vision, see and converse with spirits, enter at will the spiritual world, and become a seer and adept. Absolutely what it purports to be. Cloth, price \$3.50.

Psychometry:

How to Unfold and Realize Divination and Illumination. Price 50 cts.

Address

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Editor and Author,
STATION M. CHICAGO.

Germania

A monthly review for the study of the German Language and Literature.

ARNOLD WERNER-SPANHOOFD, Editor.

Per year (10 months) \$1.00. Sample copies free on application.

GERMANIA gives direct instruction in the German language and literature. It offers to all who, for some reason or other, had dropped their German an opportunity to freshen up, to review and to perfect their former knowledge of the language. Those who have never studied the language will find the BEGINNERS' COURSE the easiest and most practical method of acquiring German without the aid of a teacher. The magazine is adapted to the needs of all classes of students. It can be used as textbook or supplement works already studied. Each number contains literary selections, and extensively varied courses for beginners, intermediate and advanced students, and is highly recommended by eminent professors and the press generally as "the best effort yet made in this country to assist the student, and to interest him in his pursuit."

Germania Publishing Company,
105 & 111 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



The --

Overland Monthly

Established 1888 by
Bret Harte,

OFFERS...

TEN FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

At either the Leland Stanford Jr. University
or the University of California,

In Open Competition to all who aid in extending
its circulation.

These Scholarships include from One to Four
Years' Course, including board, lodging and free
railway fare to the University from any part of
the United States or Canada.

Candidates have a year for preparation; but if
no preparation is needed, such as comply with
the conditions may enter the University next
term, August, 1896.

... THE OVERLAND MONTHLY ...

is the only representative magazine of the virile
West. For twenty-nine years it sold for \$3.00 a
year. It is now only \$1.00 a year. It is the size of
McClure's, and is superbly illustrated.

Send 5 cts. for sample copy, or stamped
envelope for particulars of scholarships.

The Overland Monthly Publishing Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

PEET'S

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

The Editor of the AMERICAN ANTI-
QUARIAN is publishing a series of works
on Prehistoric America under the follow-
ing titles:

No. I.

The Mound Builders and Their Relics.

No. II.

Animal Effigies and Emblematic Mounds.

No. III.

Myths and Symbols, or Aboriginal Religions

No. IV.

Cliff Dwellings and Ruined Cities.

Each volume contains about 400 pages
and is fully illustrated. Price for each
volume, sold separately, \$3.50, or \$12.00
for the set. The book on the Mound Build-
ers will be sent with the American Anti-
quarian for 1899 for \$6.00; regular price
\$7.50.

Address

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN OFFICE,
Chicago, Ill.

Or, Rev. S. D. PEET, Ph.D.,
Editor and Publisher.

